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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Cabinet is now engaged in desperate efforts to find a solution of the Abyssinian problem. Mr. Eden's attempt to buy off Mussolini has failed; we are thus faced with the alternative of letting him go to war—with all the disastrous consequences which that must involve—or of holding him off. It is deplorable that the League did not assert itself months ago; but even at this late hour it is possible—and it is imperative if the principle of collective security is to be anything more than a mocking phrase—to stop this brutal aggression. Italy is in no position to stand against the sanctions that the League could apply. She is morally bankrupt; financially and strategically she is no match for the rest of us. But obviously League action involves fundamental agreement between France and Britain, and that agreement has been seriously weakened by the blundering way in which the Anglo-German naval treaty was concluded. The French distrust us, not without reason, and they are loath in all the circumstances, to turn the precarious friendship of Mussolini into open enmity. The British Government's task is not merely to decide whether they shall support robbery under arms or international honesty and collective security, but to recover the confidence of France.

The Far East

Japan has omitted to annex another Chinese province this week; but she is consolidating her gains quite satisfactorily. The latest reports announce an "enlargement of the demilitarised zone in North China" by prolonging the southern boundary seventy miles towards the capital of Chahar. And General Doihara, who is evidently a wag as well as a warrior, declares that the situation "now warrants economic co-operation." What that means may be gathered from a report in an Osaka newspaper, to the effect that the South Manchuria Railway (which is, of course, a Japanese concern), with the support of the Japanese army, is planning a great industrial development company for North China. Meanwhile there is a renewal of tension between Japan and Russia. Frontier incidents resulting in the death of several Russian guards have produced a strong Note of protest from Moscow. This is said to be resented—as it naturally would be—by the Japanese Foreign Office, and to have stimulated the Japanese militarists to renewed demands for Russian demobilisation in Siberia. There was a rumour early in the

week that all Soviet citizens in Manchukuo had been ordered to return to Russia before August 25th; but this was denied in Moscow. Though the situation looks ugly, we do not believe that a Russo-Japanese war is imminent.

Nazi Hymns of Hate

A great Nazi demonstration was held in Berlin last Saturday at which boastful and abusive speeches were made by a number of party leaders, including Dr. Goebbels. These speeches no doubt reflect the chagrin of the more radical and fanatical elements at the moderation, as they regard it, of the regime. "The State belongs to us," cries Dr. Goebbels—and he wants full-blooded Nazis, not Schachts and Neuraths, big industrialists, old style bureaucrats and "bourgeois intellectuals," in positions of power and influence. There is no present sign that he will succeed in purging these "Right deviationists," as the Russians would call them. But equally there seems to be no disposition on the part of the moderates to check the Nazi rage against the racial, religious and political enemy. Goebbels made bitter attacks both on the Jews and on the Christian resisters, and, distasteful as the persecution may be to a great number of decent Germans, it is going on unabated—it is indeed being intensified. And that, apart from Hitler's own anti-Semitism, may well be good policy for the dictatorship. What cheaper and safer outlet could be provided for the high spirits of Nazi malcontents than a licence to kick the Jewish dog?

A Setback for the President

The House of Representatives has given Mr. Roosevelt a further shock, by emasculating his measure dealing with holding companies in the public utility services. This is largely a triumph for the powerfully organised public utilities "lobby"; but on this occasion a tactical blunder seems to have contributed to the President's defeat. His own "counter-lobby" was regarded by many members of the House as having employed illegitimate methods in the hope of influencing their votes; and the utility companies were prompt to seize on this chance of posing as the defenders of the rights of the Legislature, instead of appearing in their true guise as the upholders of vested interests. It has still to be seen whether this rebuff has really shaken the President's hold. The Banking Bill, to which a still more powerful group of vested interests is bitterly opposed, is having a troublous time before Congress, and seems likely to emerge from committee with a good deal of the sting taken out of its provisions. Business interests are reasserting themselves against the President, in the hope of defeating indirectly those of his social security measures on which it would be too perilous to launch a frontal attack. Business in general seems to be still on the up grade; and the preachers of automatic recovery are being heard of a lot more than a month or two ago. At the same time the more unorthodox voices have been less audible since the Supreme Court's decision upset the N.R.A. and left everyone wondering what line the President would take next. The new policy of the Administration is still in many respects doubtful; and, while it remains so, secondary issues will be likely to hold the field. One thing clear is that Mr. Roosevelt does not mean to let Congress go home till it has either enacted or refused to enact the numerous measures whose fate is still to be settled.

Lancashire's "Redundant Spindles"

The Government have now introduced their Bill dealing with the problem of surplus spindles in the cotton trade. For the most part it follows the recommendations of the Colwyn Committee; but the proposed differentiation between "American" and "Egyptian" spindles has been given up, and it is intended to impose a levy on idle spindles as well as on those which are now at work. The scheme provides for the setting up of a special body which, over a period of two or three years, is to buy up redundant spindles and put them out of use, with safeguards against their being sold for re-erection abroad. While the scheme is in operation there will be restrictions on the installation of new machinery except in replacement of old; and new machines are to be liable to the levy as though they had been in existence at the starting of the scheme. Apart from the attempt to reduce spindleage by 10 per cent. there is to be no interference with the management of the trade, and no enforcement of amalgamation or other forms of reorganisation. The aid of the State has, in fact, been invoked by the industry only because it cannot secure sufficient consent to carry the scheme into effect on a voluntary basis. In general, we are highly critical of plans for restoring prosperity by reducing potential output. But it must be admitted that there are in the cotton trade a good many machines that have no real prospect of ever working again, and that some restraint on "weak selling" seems to be essential to the maintenance of fair wages and conditions of labour. In these circumstances there may be a case for the scheme, provided that it is not mistaken for a means of reorganising the industry, or regarded as a substitute for more far-reaching measures. It may do something towards restoring profitability; but it will certainly not restore even such prosperity as the cotton trade should be able to achieve if it were thoroughly reorganised from top to bottom.

The Busman's Holiday

Whatever happens to the Trade Union movement in general, busmen are busmen still. They have shown as much this week, by striking without Trade Union authorisation in order to secure redress against what they regarded as an act of disciplinary injustice. The trouble arose over a street accident, which the two men in question were accused of failing to report. They were disciplined, in the first instance severely, and then more lightly on appeal. While a further appeal was pending their fellow-workers in the same depot struck, but were persuaded to return to work on condition that the case was finally settled by Monday on the side of the accused men. Monday brought no decision, and there was an unauthorised sympathetic strike that spread rapidly to other depots. Mr. Harold Clay came back, post haste, by aeroplane from the Isle of Man, where the Transport Workers' Union was in Conference. Meanwhile, the appeal was being heard, and the decision was in favour of the men. Accordingly, the strike was short-lived; but it lasted long enough to move the *Times* to one of its more pompous declamations on behalf of the outraged public. The *Times* is in high indignation that mere workmen should so flout the public convenience, by striking before the recognised procedure for redress of grievances had been exhausted. For our part, while holding no brief for unauthorised strikes or defiance of agreed methods of conciliation, we cannot

really feel sorry when the Trade Union movement shows a sign of being still alive and kicking. It is good for us to be reminded sometimes that workmen are not mere automata, but have, even in these days of mechanisation, souls of their own and a sense of chivalry that send them rushing to the aid of comrades in distress.

The Starvation of School-children

The Association of Education Committees of the local authorities are preparing for another battle in the war against under-nourishment. The Board of Education has insisted that school-children shall not be given free meals or milk merely on the ground of poverty, but only after a doctor has certified that they are actually suffering from malnutrition. This runs counter to the practice of many local education authorities, who supply food and milk to children as a matter of course where the family income is below a certain minimum. It also runs counter to common sense; for it is clear that many children who will not be officially found undernourished are really in need of extra nourishment. And what is to happen to the child who, after being certified as malnourished, is given free meals or milk at school? Presumably, when it has been brought up to a standard of adequate health, it will automatically go off the list, till another medical report shows that it has again developed the requisite symptoms of starvation. The Board threatens to withdraw its grants to local authorities who will not toe the line in carrying out this policy. The Association of Education Committees, on their side, are proposing to test the legality of the Board's action in the High Court. They will have wide-spread sympathy in their attack on this false economy.

The Council of Action

The Council of Action started off with a bad break. It was surprising that so experienced a campaigner as Mr. Lloyd George should have announced on his own responsibility that the Council was putting up 350 candidates when the original manifesto only vaguely hinted at such a move as a possibility which the Council could consider in the future. But if the Free Church leaders and organisations which have withdrawn their support were really simple enough not to know that it would involve them in a political struggle, trouble would have come soon in any case. Any national agitation which favours Mr. Lloyd George's policy after it has been rejected by the Government must mean fighting the Government. The Council's meetings this week produced the usual speeches from members of all parties on foreign policy, an optimistic statement from Sir Basil Blackett on the possibilities of reducing unemployment by public works and a less brilliant effort than usual from Mr. Lloyd George. Is also promised to set up local councils all over the country. In the present circumstances they are not likely to get very far, for the issue between the National Government and Mr. Lloyd George is not sufficiently clear cut, and with the middle-classes and the official Trade Unionists dreaming of permanent prosperity there is little chance of a really big revolt against Mr. Baldwin.

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MUSSOLINI OR THE LEAGUE

ABYSSINIA is not precisely the hub of the universe, nor would it be accurate to call it the centre of gravity of Europe. None the less, it has graduated in recent weeks for both these positions. The issue that centres in this African region is, as Mussolini sees it, a simple item in the realistic policy of a virile, imperial dictatorship. The time has come, he thinks, to cash the promises of colonial expansion made to Italy by the Allies in the Secret Treaties of 1915. He means to take Abyssinia; he supposes that its minerals and its cotton-growing districts will repay him for the trouble, the bloodshed and the outlay, and he reckons that with bombing planes, tanks and poison-gas, the thing can be done without excessive risk. These are, in the technical sense, doubtful propositions. It is questionable whether conquest can be made to pay, when the wealth that is one's goal is situated in an infernal climate among mountains guarded by stubborn and courageous tribes. It is also doubtful whether modern weapons in such a climate and against such enemies have all the efficacy that the Duce supposes. These, however, are the least of the questions that his obstinate realism has raised. The future of the League is the first and the chief of the issues with which he is gambling. He may, if he plunges rashly, upset the present Balance of Power, such as it is, in Europe. He may unsettle the precarious regime that just survives in Vienna. Finally, he may be staking his own dictatorship, and even capitalism itself, in Italy.

The values with which the Duce is gambling are not, all of them, equally dear to progressive opinion in this country. It would regret neither his dictatorship nor that of his puppet in Vienna. It sees in a Balance of Power resting on quasi-alliances, the Stresa front and general rearmament, no guarantee whatever for a happy and peaceful Europe. But if the risk that he is taking were to inaugurate a period of unrest and violence in Italy and Central Europe, one looks for some authority, some principle that could stave off from the rest of us dangers much graver than civil strife in Vienna or Rome. There is, in short, one existing institution with which the rest of Europe cannot permit Mussolini to gamble. If the League cannot stop his aggression, it ceases to exist as a living force. The consequences of his plunge are unpredictable. He may conceivably succeed, within the six months before the next rains start, in subduing Abyssinia. But if he should fail, as seems on the whole the more probable reckoning, then Europe faces a prolonged period of perilous confusion, with no moral centre and no principle of authority. For a League that had failed to cope with Mussolini singly would lack the prestige and the unity to deal with the complicated dangers that his audacity may unleash. Its failure to-day, if it does fail, will mean a fatal lack either of will-power or of mutual trust between London and Paris. It matters little which of these is deficient; the lack of either makes Hitler's opportunity.

The League, then, dare not temporise until the Duce launches his expected attack in September. That would be to efface itself. To do what it did in the Manchurian affair, to condemn without effective action, would be

equally fatal. In that case Italy would presumably follow the Japanese precedent by walking out. The presence of a Power disloyal to the whole idea of the League may be a weakness rather than a strength. None the less, a League that included neither Germany nor Italy could not pretend to authority even in Europe. It follows, then, that the League can survive only if it succeeds by honourable means in preventing this attack that Italy, openly and with calm deliberation, threatens to launch upon one of its members. The timid and belated effort that Geneva did make in May to settle the dispute by arbitration was quite inadequate. It was so because the Council did not dare to insist that Italy should cease to send troops to the future scene of action. It may turn out to have been a mere irrelevance. For the Duce no longer relies on the pretext of the Wal-Wal incident; he makes a blunt claim to a protectorate over the whole Ethiopian kingdom.

Mr. Eden's too reticent statement on Monday disclosed some of the suggested terms in a vain effort at compromise. On the imperialist assumption that the native inhabitants of Africa are pawns to be passed over from one set of masters to another, the attempt was doubtless well meant, and in principle it was to the British Government's credit that it offered to make some contribution at the expense of the Empire to the cause of peace. The prior question, however, is whether any compromise in these conditions was compatible with the League idea. Italy, month after month, has prepared and threatened war. If a leading League Power now assists her to obtain her object, or a conceivable part of it, the moral will be that menaces and armaments pay. Mussolini has, all this time, violated the letter and spirit of the Kellogg Pact, by threatening to use war as an instrument of policy. To reward him by helping him to secure some at least of the neighbour's goods that he coveted would hardly be a vindication of League principles. What precisely Mr. Eden offered, he did not disclose, nor do we know whether the Abyssinians had authorised him to suggest this settlement. It included, apparently (1) some desert territory in Ogaden that has only a strategical value, (2) some titles to mining concessions, and (3) the right to build a railway linking Italy's two colonies by a route that traverses the central core of the Ethiopian kingdom. It is not known whether this last suggestion included, what Italians have sometimes claimed, a military zone on the model of the South Manchurian railway. If so, Ethiopian independence could hardly survive. Even if this detail were omitted, the penetration of a Power that has conducted itself with the frank hostility that Italy has displayed could hardly fail to be a mortal danger. On the other hand, Mr. Eden offered to Abyssinia a port, Zeila, on the Red Sea, and a strip of British territory giving connection with it. This seems on the face of it a handsome and friendly act. With a port of her own, Abyssinia would be better able to maintain her independence than she has ever been before. In principle the offer seemed to make a real contribution to peace, and no one who has the cause of the League at heart will question it merely because it involved the sacrifice of a strip of British territory.

The real ground for anxiety about the offer turns on the choice of this particular port. Zeila is on the Red Sea coast, close to the frontier of the French colony, not very far from Djibouti, the terminus of the French railway. Any railway or motor road that linked Zeila with the Abyssinian capital would inevitably run parallel with the French line, and who can imagine that the trade of this backward country would support two competing routes so near together? It is not surprising that the news of this offer excited indignation in Paris. After the shock of the Naval Agreement with Germany it was hardly wise to expose French nerves to this further trial.

The compromise, whatever its merits, has failed. It went to the extreme limit of any concession compatible with Ethiopian sovereignty, and probably beyond that limit. The Duce, however, wants more, and anything further would involve the surrender, by League Powers or by the League itself, of the integrity and independence of one of its members. The plain issue, then, cannot be evaded. The League must either deal with Mussolini as with a Power openly preparing aggression, or it must confess itself impotent and bankrupt. A second failure of the Manchurian type it could not survive. It may well be that Ethiopia could profit by European aid in its effort to civilise itself; but that aid, if it can be organised on disinterested international lines, ought to follow the precedent of Geneva's helpful dealings with Nanking. That, however, is a problem for the future. The problem of to-day is to find the will and the means, between July and September, to stop Italian aggression. The means, were London and Paris agreed, are not difficult to discover. Italy cannot defy the two leading Mediterranean Powers, nor can she do anything in this corner of Africa without the use of the Suez Canal. A failure to stop her could mean only one of two things—either that the guardians of the Canal do not choose to stop her, or else that they could not reckon on French goodwill. It is on that latter condition that our anxiety fastens, when we try to analyse this disquieting situation. Many of those who have no objection to the substance of the Anglo-German naval agreement have criticised the manner of its conclusion, which was certainly damaging to our good relations with France. The offer of Zeila is open in a less degree to the same criticism. By these two actions, Sir Samuel Hoare, if he means to stop Italian aggression, has added immensely to his own difficulties. His predecessor dealt the League a deadly blow. He cannot in this emergency save it from destruction save by directing his whole policy to that end. If that be in fact the aim that has guided him in his few weeks of office, he has been singularly unfortunate in the means he has chosen. To blunder in this emergency is to risk not merely Ethiopia but any hope of a European system.

DEATH FROM THE AIR

IN writing about gas and incendiary bombs I cannot hope to strike that fine note of disinterested detachment that characterises the utterances of armament manufacturers, Lord Londonderry and members of the General Staff. I am an interested party. Not, unfortunately, financially, but emotionally interested. My bias against gas and bombs springs from the fact that in company with many of my neighbours I am likely quite soon to be mutilated, burnt to death, suffocated, disembowelled or blown into small pieces. And as I lost several of my best friends in similar ways not many years ago, and was present at the death of a number of others, and had to look after men who had just been burnt or blinded by gas, it would be quite unconvincing were I to pretend detachment.

It would be equally superfluous to recall these experiences in detail, because those who shared them will not have forgotten them, while those who did not will scarcely imagine them, and will in any case probably learn about the effects of shells and gas for themselves before so very long. But the photograph of V.A.D. nurses in training, which is reproduced on this page from a new pamphlet called *Poison Gas**, prompts me to at least one reflection. I fear the last shred of romance is stripped from war. By the end of the last war those tired but always patriotic publicists, who were paid for telling us about the compensations of the soldier's life, had almost no subject for sentiment left, unless they fell back on the ministering angel theme. Indeed in a war in which the happy warrior killed, and was killed often without even seeing his enemy, the only really comforting thought was the cool bed in the base hospital with the devoted nurse to tend you. But what becomes of the base in the next war, and what becomes of the lady of the lamp if she wears a gas mask? What of the kiss with which the nurse blesses the last moments of the dying soldier? And, in the case of so impartial a weapon as gas, what happens to the whole defend-the-women-and-children *motif* which has in its time sent so many brave men to their death?

I found *Poison Gas* a disturbing pamphlet, not because there was anything new in its description, drawn from authoritative sources, of the present use sof phosgene, mustard and Lewisite, and its guarded references to the further possibilities of warfare by means of bacteria, new gases and piercing poisons, but because of its concluding chapter called "The Great Defence Hoax." The argument in brief is that Mr. Baldwin's original statement that there is no known defence against attack from the air is still correct, and that the talk about providing gas masks and building gas-proof shelters and interceptor planes and all the rest of it is just so much ballyhoo. The pamphlet argues that these means of defence are quite useless for the mass of people who live in the middle of a big city like London. Comparatively few of us can adopt the advice of Major Freeth, Chief Research Chemist of I.C.I., and lie in a hot bath until the raid is over. The reason for this defence talk, according to *Poison Gas*, is that the Government, which naturally wants public sanction for increasing our capacity to destroy other people from the air, is bent on frightening us enough, but not too much. It would be dangerous to drive us mad by the truth; but a little of the truth is likely to make us support its policy.

As this seemed a cynical interpretation of an apparently kindly effort to save my life I decided to consult a dispassionate expert. None could speak with more authority than Brigadier-General Groves, who was Director of Flying Operations at the Air Ministry in 1918, and who recently became known to the general public by a remarkable book called *Behind the Smoke Screen*. I found that in his new book† General Groves, while differing profoundly from the U.D.C. in his conclusions, supported their facts and even added to their horror. He is polite to the Navy, but the main object of his book is to show that for purposes of home defence the navy is now as useless as the army, and that we ought to spend on the air the millions we now devote to battleships and cruisers. A few sentences in his book explain why Hitler was so ready to offer to abolish submarines and to promise never again to use them for blockade purposes. Our supplies will be cut off far more easily next time, not by submarines, but by aeroplanes. Battleships and merchant ships, even when fully protected by convoys, are virtually helpless against air attack. An extremely effective photograph shows how a small fleet of aeroplanes can throw a smoke screen which entirely hides them from the enemies' guns while they wait their moment to

* *Poison Gas.* Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street. London, S.W. 1. Price 6*d*.

† *Our Future in the Air.* By Brigadier-General Groves (Harrap, 2*s*. 6*d*.).

sink his ships by aerial torpedo or sudden "power dives" which, as last week's R.A.F. pageant shows, can now be carried out at a speed of about 400 miles an hour. General Groves seems obviously right when he says:—

> In comparison with this speed that of the surface vessel is snail-like; the airman can follow her manoeuvres by the slightest touch on his control lever, and has no difficulty in keeping on his target.

In sea bombing a "near miss" is even more effective than a direct hit. And General Groves adds facts about the bombing of towns that prove that here, too, precise accuracy of bombing is not of the first importance. For the gas and the explosive bombs will be mingled with small bombs containing thermite, which can be used to start numerous inextinguishable fires in different areas at the same time. He writes:

> When released on impact thermite (a magnesium alloy) burns at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It cannot be put out by water or by any of the usual appliances employed by fire-brigades. Owing to the intense heat generated, a small quantity of it will quickly eat through steel, causing the molten metal to run in an incandescent stream capable of setting fire to any inflammable substance which it touches.

Major Freeth may find his bath too hot after all!

I am grateful to General Groves for telling me the truth. His facts make it clear that plans for "home defence" against this type of attack amount, as the U.D.C. says, to very little more than a cruel hoax. And he does not try to escape the issue by the special pleading which characterises the essay on Air Defence by Mr. Harold Balfour, M.P., in another new book, *The Air is Our Concern.** Even I know enough about the principles of modern warfare to realise the importance of striking a sudden overwhelming blow at the outset of a campaign. The enemy will not stop to consider Mr. Balfour's carefully thought out reasons for only bombing military objectives and special administrative centres. He even suggests that they will hesitate to do too much economic damage to a country they hope to conquer. The enemy would scarcely be fool enough to neglect the possibility of immediately throwing London into panic and chaos. With this picture in my mind I read the other very informative essays in this book with a haunted mind. They tell us all about the development of civil aviation in the Empire, in Europe and the United States, discuss the future of the airship and possibilities of future research and future routes. How delightful and exciting this would be if we were really using the discovery of the air to link up the world, to overcome nationalism and to build the world society which is the only logical and reasonable outcome of a method of world transport!

At this point in my investigations I picked up another new book on the air, *Britain's Air Policy.*† Its author, Mr. Jonathan Griffin, accepts General Groves' premise that no national home defence is possible and then proceeds to work out in considerable detail a plan for international defence which, if we are to judge by his remarks about internationalising the air, General Groves has not yet studied. Indeed, until Lord Londonderry boasted the other day of having scotched the foreigners' attempt to abolish military aviation, very few people in this country had ever been allowed to realise the existence of serious schemes for ridding us of the air menace. Yet such schemes of collective security—and without them the phrase is becoming mere hypocrisy—were presented at Geneva by the French, Spanish, Swedish and other Governments, and no one has ever explained why they are Utopian. Mr. Griffin supplies the texts of these constructive schemes in an appendix to his book. The essentials are, of course, to abolish national air forces, to turn civil aviation into a world public service, and to keep the peace by an international air force. If this sounds Utopian to-day it is not because of technical difficulties, but because our rulers are men like Lord Londonderry and because the official religion of the world is nationalism. Clearly there is to-day no super-national authority to control an international police force, and I can see no chance of getting one without a revolution in thought and social structure in every capitalist country. I realise that nations do not easily change their official religions, and that some people are sincerely attached to the idea of national sovereignty and fervently believe in the present social order. But I find that young people I meet, and in particular young airmen, whose profession necessarily makes them contemptuous of national boundaries, are contriving to free themselves from these ancient predilections. I should have thought that any ordinary person, who regards the nation as a means to a happy life and not an end in itself, would have shared my view that the choice was easy—that it was better to work for a Socialist revolution and an international police force than merely to wait to be mutilated, burnt to death, suffocated, disembowelled or blown to bits. But I realise that I am up against a religion.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

* *The Air is Our Concern.* Edited by Nigel Tangye. With a Foreword by Lord Gorell (Methuen, 6s.).

† *Britain's Air Policy.* By Jonathan Griffin (Gollancz, 5s.).

RIVAL PROPHETS

THE past week has brought us political pronouncements both from Mr. Baldwin, as leader of the new Government and from Mr. Lloyd George, as claimant to leadership of the unofficial Opposition. Mr. Baldwin, sure already of the Conservatives (for the danger of a Die-hard split is over) is trying to rally the "men of goodwill" to continued support of the National Government. Mr. Lloyd George, having lost his command over Liberalism as a party, is trying to rally the "liberal-minded" (who far exceed in numbers the Liberals in a party sense) behind a crusade that carries the banners of "Peace" and "Employment," and promises to its followers a not too arduous journey into the Promised Land. A little while ago, it seemed just possible that these rival crusaders would join forces; for were not Mr. Lloyd George's plans being seriously considered by a committee of the Cabinet? But the Conservatives have not consented to swallow Mr. Lloyd George's medicine; and accordingly while Mr. Baldwin harangues one multitude in Yorkshire, Mr. Lloyd George gathers together a rival host in the Central Hall at Westminster.

Of the rival prophets, one would go faster and the other more slowly. But is the difference between them really more than that? Mr. Lloyd George bids us work for peace, and brands the Government as on the side of the war-mongers. But Mr. Baldwin also declares for peace, and is as emphatic for the League as Lord Cecil himself. How much different would our foreign policy actually be if Mr. Lloyd George, instead of Mr. Baldwin, had it in hand? It might be more "liberal-minded." But would there be enough change to make any vital difference to the balance of forces in Europe, or to our own preparedness to throw in our lot with a collective system? In view of Mr. Lloyd George's record, we have the right to doubt if there would, though we do not question the sincerity of the pacific influences that have, for the moment, rallied to the Lloyd George standard.

In home affairs again how much do the rival protagonists differ? In the short run, perhaps a good deal; but as far as we understand them their underlying assumptions are the same. Mr. Baldwin believes that, if only we are content to let things alone, giving a gentle prod here and there, but always so as to create the minimum of disturbance, recovery will come mainly of itself, and all be again for the best in this best of all possible Capitalisms. Mr. Lloyd George does not agree to that. He wants to prod the economic system a good deal more violently, more in the Roosevelt manner, and he would not care a jot if in the process a certain number of vested interests get a bit of a shock. But underlying this difference of policy there is a deeper community of outlook. Mr. Lloyd George, no less than Mr. Baldwin, believes in building upon things as they are, rather than trying to change them in any fundamental way. For both of them, the real problem is that of making British industry profitable enough to render it worth while for British Capitalism to employ the unemployed.

Of course, if this can be done—at a satisfactory standard of living—there is no more to be said. It can be taken as certain that no country ever changes its economic system if it can make the existing system work in a satisfactory way. There are a few people—idealists or exceptionally class-conscious proletarians—who are Socialists by profound conviction, and would be no less Socialists if Capitalism were employing every available worker at a steadily rising wage. But Socialism is a practical political force only because this is what Capitalism is showing itself unable to do. Mr. Baldwin holds out the hope that Capitalism will achieve it yet, if we will but have patience, return him again to power, and carefully refrain from any action calculated to limit the opportunities for profit-making. Mr. Lloyd George holds out the same hope, if we will but embark on enough public works, backed by enough expansion of credit, to expand the opportunities for profit-making to the required extent. Mr. Lloyd George is an "expansionist," after the fashion of the more progressive among the professors of economics. Mr. Baldwin steers a middle course between deflation and expansion, and puts a serene trust in the regenerating power of a high tariff on imports and a low rate of interest on borrowed money.

Of these two policies, we greatly prefer Mr. Lloyd George's. It would assuredly work better than the other, in the short run, above all if it could be brought in under the impeccably confidence-creating auspices of Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative Party. If Mr. Lloyd George had been able to persuade the Cabinet to accept his plans, the capitalists would have been convinced of their soundness. We are far less sure what would happen if, by a miracle, Mr. Lloyd George and his men of goodwill were enabled to form a Government of their own and tried to put their plans into effect. Business and the City would feel a good deal less confident under such auspices; and, even in the short run, the benefits of expansionism might be as disappointing as they have been in the United States. For you cannot work the capitalist system successfully without the confidence of the capitalists; and those gentry are inclined to be suspicious of Mr. Lloyd George.

There is a much deeper sense in which we are sceptical both of Mr. Baldwin's and of Mr. Lloyd George's approach to the problem. We do not believe, as they do, that all is really well at bottom with the economic system as it is. We can agree with Mr. Baldwin that this country has so far come through the world depression with much less suffering and damage than most of its neighbours; but we should attribute this, not, as he does, to the sovereign merit of tariffs and the Ottawa Agreements, but rather to our enforced departure from the gold standard and to the immense resources which we dispose of as a result of our foreign investments in the past. In comparison with other countries we have lived well in the desert, because we have the largest hump. But in the long run that will not save us unless the desert has a farther side.

The alternative both to Mr. Baldwin's policy and to Mr. Lloyd George's is some form of Socialism, based on a recognition that Capitalism, which was once a progressive economic force, has now shrunk up into a means of keeping production within the limits set by the restricted market. The difficulty that confronts the Socialist adventurer is that even the most cautious and gradual type of Socialism must disturb capitalist confidence. Even gradualist Socialism differs from Mr. Lloyd George's policy in that it does set out to lay foundations for a new economic order, and not merely to patch up an old one that is showing itself increasingly insecure. As far as this alternative policy finds embodiment anywhere it must be through the Labour Party; for there is no alternative instrument through which the advocates of thorough reconstruction can hope to work. If the Labour Party and the Trade Union movement which supports it seem but imperfectly to perform this act of embodiment, the defect lies less in the plans, which are on the whole clear and well-conceived, than in the lack of drive and magnetism among the leaders, many of whom have consciously or unconsciously accepted their position as champions of a particular vested interest in the existing order. They have not so far convinced nearly enough people that they would be effective Socialists in office. The Labour Party badly needs its Lloyd George, or even its Baldwin; and maybe it has potential leaders who will in due time hold the stage. Given but that, we feel sure that most of the liberal-minded opinion that has for the moment rallied round Mr. Lloyd George could be swept in behind the Labour Party in a drive towards Socialism. Without that the prospect is a perpetual Conservative Government, which may or may not call itself National, and which will be just as liberal or just as conservative as the interests of Capitalism seem to dictate.

A LONDON DIARY

FIXING the date of an election is rather like getting up in the morning. It is seldom difficult to find reasons for postponing a decision to leave a position of comfort and security. These reasons, it seems, are particularly strong just after a Cabinet reconstruction. The new Ministers naturally demand an opportunity of showing their mettle. They want to go to the country with a record they can talk about. And then there are doubts whether the present anomalous position of the Unemployment Assistance regulations can be perpetuated. If there is indeed to be a short autumn session to deal with them we may be sure that no election will follow for some months. There will be trouble over them in any case, and even if Mr. Baldwin takes the view that the Government will do better at the polls if it takes its stand as a courageous administration afraid of no one and willing to stand the racket, he can scarcely welcome an election right in the middle of the row. So that puts the election off till next year. And for technical reasons of finance in the Commons the next available time is the late, not the early spring. So the prospect is another Chamberlain Budget and an election in rather less than twelve months. That is the betting at the moment. But British politics, so often compared to cricket by the moralists, at least resemble our national game in having all the charm of uncertainty.

* * *

I am not, as some readers of this Diary may have guessed, a great admirer of Sir John Simon. Yet so deep is my true British love of fair play that I feel constrained to point out that he has received rather a raw deal—or perhaps merely made a bad bargain—in the recent Cabinet changes. He was persuaded to step down to the Home Office—where, by the way, if he retains any of his old views, he ought to be at least much less bad than Sir John Gilmour—by two promises. He was to be Deputy Leader of the House of Commons and he was to live at 11 Downing Street. The first condition seems likely to mean very little. With some Premiers the Deputy Leader does all the work. Sir John is very unpopular in the House and Mr. Baldwin, who adheres to the old tradition that the Prime Minister ought himself to be a regular parliamentary attender, has already made it clear that he will do most of the Commons leadership himself. As to the second, Sir John is not after all to live in Downing Street. No. 10, which has been used only as Cabinet offices during Mr. MacDonald's Premiership, is to be left without a resident and the Baldwins to remain at No. 11. Government gossip says that Mrs. Baldwin showed a strong disinclination to move. What is clear in any case is that Sir John after a long fight to retain his position—he beat a strong coalition backed by the *Times* which tried to get rid of him last year—is now definitely relegated to a back seat.

* * *

You have only to mention the subject of corporal punishment to be inundated with correspondence. Apart from the minority of informed and intelligent letters—which often come from school boys—the correspondence always includes two main types. The first batch comes from Old Boys who say: "Boys don't mind being beaten; it's good for them. It's the best deterrent; it makes them tough; the Battle of

Waterloo was won in the flogging rooms of Eton." The second type of letter is equally sentimental, if less contradictory. The writers, often women, are usually ignorant of the atmosphere of the public school; they exaggerate the amount of pain inflicted and assume that all prefects are sadists. Now public schools vary enormously and there may still be schools where the cane or the birch is actually used to terrorise. In the period immediately before the war, the well-known headmaster of one of the most expensive preparatory schools in England was quite clearly a sadist. He birched boys every day, employing a housemaid to hold up their shirts. He used to examine them a few days after birching to see how the weals were healing, thoughtfully picking at the newly formed skin with his finger-nails. I imagine this kind of thing is to-day extremely rare.

* * *

From my own experience at two public schools I should say that corporal punishment has usually ceased to be savage and has become merely an extremely absurd and psychologically damaging ritual. I do not remember that boys were frightened of being caned, but it is not too much to say that for many of them the whole business of beating was the central interest of life. A correspondent in this journal last week said that boys did not remember being beaten five minutes afterwards—which incidentally makes the case for beating as a deterrent rather ridiculous. But he is wrong. Another correspondent (whose letter with many others cannot be printed for lack of space), writes this week to say that he happened to sit behind two small boys on a bus the other day, and that they talked of nothing else for half an hour. That fits my experience. The prowess with the cane of a particular master or a prefect was a constant subject of conversation. The problems of technique—the kind of stroke that hurt, the most efficient type of weapon—and there is almost no article from the walking-stick to the slipper and the lavatory brush which is not used for beating at a public school—the number of strokes that might be fairly inflicted for a particular offence, the dangers or advantages of padding, the types of clothes that provided most protection, together with endless bawdy jokes all centring on the primary fact of violent stimulation of the buttocks—these were the most common topics of conversation whenever small boys were alone. And just as these smaller boys were quite ignorant that their conversation was sexual, so the prefects, many of whom took their duties extremely seriously, had no idea that their enjoyment in beating was a substitute for the natural development of sexual life in adolescence. In conversation they made no pretence that beating was not a pleasure. I have seen prefects toss a coin for the privilege of beating a particular boy, and I can remember what a roaring joke we thought it in a prefects' study when we found an excuse for beating about twenty boys at the same time. They came up in relays, and were shared out amongst us amidst scarcely repressed laughter. Kipling had no conception of the sexual significance of *Stalky and Co.*, but no book better illustrates the intense and unhealthy interest created by beating in public schools. I may add that I personally know boys whose whole development was retarded and lives made miserable by the fixation of their normal erotic impulses at this primitive level.

* * *

You like living in the country, so you take a little house an hour or so from London, with a pleasant view at the back over meadows and hedges. Unfortunately, there are thousands of other people who also like living in the country, and who also take little houses, and very soon there are no meadows, no hedges, and all that you can see from "Fairview" is the red brick front of "Mon Repos" and the half-timbered back of "Blenheim." It is a journey of 27 miles west of London before you escape from the town. One solution put forward is "A Hundred New Towns," but even if this excellent scheme can be pushed through, it will not help those who have to live near London. The ideal method of providing country life for communities was published recently in the *Architectural Review*: an estate is bought, a block of flats is built on the site of the old mansion, and the park remains a park, instead of being turned into a suburb. Tennis-courts, a swimming pool, and garages are carefully planned by the architect. Such a scheme provides as much accommodation as if the whole estate were covered with small houses, and the country is still country. Herr Gropius, perhaps the most distinguished living architect, is partly responsible for this scheme, which is being given its first trial on an estate at the edge of Windsor Park. Here the flats are being erected by private enterprise for the comparatively rich. But the scheme could be adapted to lower incomes, and I shall like to see Council housing in the suburbs developed on these lines. The proverbial desire of the Englishman to inhabit his own castle is, of course, a serious obstacle. But when it is found that the rich classes accept equally this way of life, perhaps the "little man" in turn will see its prodigious advantages. (Of course, small individual gardens can be provided.) This is the only method which can provide a country setting for suburban life.

* * *

Conversation in the pub on Saturday night naturally turned on the complete destruction of the fruit by the frost and snow in May. One habitué remarked that he had heard over the wireless that most of the damage was due to the effect of the cold weather on the bees. It was so cold, he said, that they were "unable to inoculate the fruit." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. W. Woodcock.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Depend upon it, the British Empire is not likely to "slip off the rails" while "Jim" Thomas is in charge of the engine.—The Lord Chief Justice.

The word "D——" came in for discussion at the conference of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association at Cardiff to-day.

Delegates wanted to know when and how "D——" could be used in films.

Mr. J. Brooke Wilkinson, secretary of the Board of Film Censors, told them.

He said "we do allow 'D——,' but we do not allow . . ." (here Mr. Wilkinson mentioned the adjective of Mr. Shaw's *Pygmalion*).

Concerning "D——," he said: "It is sometimes very difficult to say that in all cases you are going to take out that short but naughty word. On the other hand, we discourage it as far as we can and we read a number of scenarios before films are produced."—*Evening Standard.*

Of England's fielding it can be said that it is a long time since such spirit has been seen in a team. One and all they ran after the ball, and then threw it in as if they really meant it.—*Times.*

The marriage was a happy one, except that the wife refused cohabitation.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

Land settlement is in the air.—*New Statesman and Nation.*

The seven-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coats, Christopher, in keeping with modern theories of upbringing, sleeps alone in a pure white painted room, with a ceiling decorated octagonally in pink, blue and yellow.—Marianne Mayfayre in *Daily Telegraph.*

Remember that advertising is a guarantee of quality.—Leading article in *Daily Express.*

If, having got your legs quite smooth, you want to make them look really lovely for beach lounging, you can get a cream that, spread on evenly gives the appearance of the sheerest of sheer silk stockings. —*Evening Standard.*

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF WRITERS

ABOUT two hundred writers, coming from fifteen countries of the old world and the new, gathered in Paris last week for the defence of culture. As a gesture, the gathering was very impressive. We met in the enormous hall of the Palais de la Mutualité, on a platform crawling with photographers and studded with microphones, long tables of reporters stretched below, and in the body of the hall and in the gallery sat an audience numbering from three to four thousand. The audience was for the most part youthful and had paid to come in. The Congress continued five days in an appalling heat, with afternoon as well as evening sessions. Writer after writer discoursed, in French, or in his native tongue followed by a French translation. Some of the speakers appeared to be journalists rather than creative artists, and some were Congress-addicts who would travel any distance for their drug. Yet it remained an impressive affair which only a common danger could have created. Fascism seemed very near to us in that awful weather, much nearer than it seems in England. We met under the very shadow of the *croix de feu*, and if that triumphs France will join the lengthening list of countries where free speech is forbidden and tolerance despised. Many of the speakers were exiles, or poor, or in personal danger. The Greek delegate told me a pathetic tale of suppressions since the recent revolt, petitions circulated about conditions in Bulgaria, Cuba, Palestine, an Australian showed a grotesque list of books stopped at the Melbourne custom house. (It included works by Oscar Browning!) Impossible to know the rights of everything. But obvious, even to that pampered survival the Englishman, that the world is in trouble, and losing the legacy which the nineteenth century dangled before its hopeful eyes.

I was warned before arrival that, though the Congress was advertised as non-party, the preponderant element in it would be Communist. This proved perfectly correct, and being vaguely liberal I should have preferred the preponderance to be liberal. I had to sit through many eulogies of Soviet culture, and to hear the name of Karl Marx detonate again and again like a well-placed charge, and draw after it the falling masonry of applause. So long as communism was criticised academically, as by Julien Benda, the audience listened civilly enough, but they would endure no concrete accusation. Professor Salvemini (Italian) was hissed for remarking in passing that Russia as well as Italy had her political exiles; an obvious remark but heresy to that convention. Even more significant was the case of Victor Serge, which after rumbling for several days in the couloirs exploded during an afternoon session. The facts are in dispute, but Victor Serge is (apparently) a French revolutionary writer who obtained Soviet citizenship, and is at present under restraint "for divagation to the Left"—i.e., for advocating extreme measures after the government judges them inopportune. His case has been taken up by the Trotsky party, who demand that he shall either be tried or shall be allowed to leave Russia. The orthodox delegates grew warm and accused the Trotsky-ans of sabotage and lying, and the scandal was only stayed by the intervention of André Gide. My own sympathy was with the orthodox. It seems to me that the Soviet government has its special internal problems and that it is trying to solve them in a civilised way. All the same, so long as those special problems remain, they unfit it to dominate an international conference of writers, where reasonableness, intellectual integrity, and freedom of speech are the prime requisites.

There was an elaborate syllabus: "Cultural Inheritance," "The Writer's Part in Society," "The Individual," "Humanism," "Problems of Creation," all led up to "The Defence of Culture." The enemies of culture fell into two classes. There were, firstly, the avowed dictators, who not only suppress opinions of which they disapprove, but encourage folk-lore and archaistic rubbish to take the place of genuine poetry and genuine history. These dictators we easily located and denounced. The second class of enemy is more elusive and perhaps not enough attention was paid to it. There exist in all countries which pretend to be free or are semi-free people who detest freedom. The activities of such people need watching and classifying, so that they may be opposed, and it might have been well to collect more evidence about them at the Congress, and in particular to be told more of what is afoot in the smaller European and South American States.

A good many writers on the programme never arrived, among them Thomas Mann, Karel Capek and Selma Lagerlof. The Poles were refused their passports. Gorki started, but was taken ill in the train from the Crimea. Alain, Jules Romains and Romain Rolland were also absent. Still the list was pretty thrilling. The Soviet delegation included the novelist Babel—he spoke most gaily—and Pasternac, a poet of high reputation. Waldo Frank, from the United States, made a touching avowal of his faith in communism. Among French writers were Barbusse, Guéhenno (the editor of *Europe*), Durtain, Vildrac, Malraux and Bloch. The last two named were mainly responsible for the success of the Congress; they put aside their own fine creative work to further it. And it is in connection with them that a foreign delegate like myself may best express his gratitude for all the kindness and hospitality which he received, and for the consideration extended to his opinions.

It was impossible to keep to the syllabus, and speakers strayed from subject to subject. Among those whom I heard, Aldous Huxley, Julien Benda and André Gide stand out. Huxley discussed propaganda and its limitations. Benda laid down the thesis that communism breaks from western civilisation, does not continue it. (This led to an interesting series of papers; his critics pointed out that western civilisation has never been homogeneous and argued that communism continues it in some ways, breaks from it in others), Gide's theme was the individual—who will never develop his individuality fully until he forms part of an international society. He began with airs and archery; gradually he forgot himself, his style became fluid as his thought soared and sentimentality passed into affection. He denied that humanity would cease to be interesting if it ceased being miserable, on the contrary he imagined "un état social où la joie soit accessible à tout, et des hommes que la joie aussi puisse grandir." He had a tremendous ovation: the whole audience rose to its feet—an honour also accorded to Heinrich Mann, who has become the symbol in France of Nazi persecution. Gide is an elusive and sometimes an unsatisfactory writer; but as an orator that evening he was superb. It was strange to pass out from his eloquence into the disquietude of contemporary Paris; to find, outside the Congress hall, masses of police drawn up in case we gave trouble, and to encounter the lonely flood-lit dome of the Panthéon at the end of a deserted street.

What will result from the Congress? A permanent bureau is to be formed, with national sub-committees. The bureau will promote intercourse between authors, issue lists of approved books, arrange where possible for the publication of banned books of merit, and act generally as a clearing house for information bearing on the struggle of culture against Fascism. It will furthermore give a prize to a book, irrespective of that book's tendency, and it will convene a second congress at some future date. If the bureau expands into an organisation where all non-Fascist writers can exchange their opinions freely it will do good work. If it contracts into a chapel of the One True Revolution, where only the pre-convinced feel comfortable, it will only do good work for the Communist party, and perhaps not very good work for that. My own hope is that it will take the former course, and English writers, who as a rule cut so little ice on the Continent, might be of use in inducing it to do so. They might signify their adherence. The more they come in, the better chance there is that something genuinely international will result, and that the common doom which threatens every decent and sensitive person will be averted.

E. M. FORSTER

Correspondence

GERMANY

SIR,—It must be with consternation and dismay that all who have the cause of peace, justice and truth at heart, view the ever-increasing confusion of thought in England with regard to Germany. In speaking of "Germany" or "the Germans," no distinction is made between those fundamental opposites, the Weimar Republic and the Third Reich—or the German people themselves. As result, we have the strange irony that well-meaning people of international outlook and liberal spirit are doing their best to stamp out that same spirit in Germany, in their desire to close their eyes to the evils in that country. They seem to think we must atone to "the Germans" for the wrong of Versailles, by giving their present rulers all they want and by refusing to think ill of them. So, by shutting their eyes to the infinitely greater wrongs suffered by "the Germans" (those who worked for peace and international understanding) at the hands of "the Germans" (the present rulers), these well-meaning people are actually encouraging tyranny and injustice. Because many of us have "kind and hospitable" friends in Germany who desire to be on friendly terms with the English, they would have us friendly to the Nazis. Because on visiting Germany they do not see the victims of the terror, we are asked to disbelieve the reports of informed and disinterested correspondents. To all who have read the writings of the leaders and listened to their speeches, it must be clear that domination and expansion is their ultimate aim, preferably without war, but, if necessary, through war. To ensure the utter unscrupulousness and ruthlessness that are likely to be necessary to achieve these aims, the German people have had to be thoroughly misinformed and misled, and have had new "ethics" and creeds forced upon them. The hampering ideal of "abstract truth" has been replaced by the new conception of justice, "*Recht ist was Deutschland hilft, unrecht was ihm schadet*," and is now acted upon, while the still more hampering doctrine of Christian charity has been discarded by the new leaders of Germany. They are guided by expediency only. This explains the flagrant discrepancy between their peaceful protestations on the one hand, and their treatment of pacifists, their reviling of pacifism and the League of Nations, the means they used by which to come to power, and their conduct since, on the other hand. Those who shut their eyes to all this do the worst possible service to the cause of justice, peace and freedom, and the brotherhood of nations; not by consolidating tyranny, but by a united front, showing the tyrant beforehand that aggression is bound to fail, can these be attained.

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN GERMANY

SIR,—There is, I believe, evidence in natural history of plants and animals sometimes taking on the colour and ways of their *milieu*. Do the quotations which follow provide another example?

> Sir Evelyn Wrench mentioned [at a dinner of the English-Speaking Union] that he was speaking next week in Germany and had submitted a copy of his speech in advance. "A great deal of it," he said, "has been cut out, including the words, 'I believe passionately in world unity.'"—*Manchester Guardian*, June 18th.

> I am writing this letter by the wide-open window of my hotel bedroom listening to the church bells of Cologne. . . . Friends had warned me to be careful in my remarks as the Nazi Party would be well represented in my audience. No restrictions of any kind were placed upon me. I said just what I wanted to. . . . I spoke for five minutes in German and then continued extempore in English. —Letter from Sir Evelyn Wrench to the *Times*, June 28th.

Can you explain it? D.

SIR,—May I be permitted to compliment Sir Leo Chiozza Money on his illuminating letter in your current issue, and at the same time to complement his remarks by a few thoughts that occur to me as I read his letter?

(1) Not the least of the many charms that endear the Reigning House to the King's loyal subjects is the abstention of any member from interference in politics. The Prince of Wales's speech therefore, advocating a visit of members of the British Legion to Berlin, which is tantamount to unqualified support of a rapprochement with Germany, created not only much comment, but the conviction that this speech was inspired by Government sources, or else it would never have been uttered.

(2) If the members of the British Legion really do desire to meet German ex-combatants, where ought they to look for the genuine article? Hardly in Berlin, where at the moment of writing repressive measures have been adopted by the Nazi Government against the "Stahlhelm" organisation, which is the German equivalent of the British Legion. A year ago, to be exact on June 25th, 1934, the "Gestapo" (the secret political police, now all-powerful in Germany) forbade any meeting of the "Stahlhelm" in Pomerania, and now we read in the Nazi press the official announcement that this organisation has been forbidden in Bavaria. If the British visitors, however, are received by the five leading German ministers, they will find that three of the five, namely Goebbels, Frick, and Cenotaph-Rosenberg never took any part in the fighting at all, the latter being a student at the Technical High School of Moscow at that time. Of the remaining two, Hitler was, of course, a soldier, even if the account of his prowess and the honours conferred on him, as appearing in his book *Mein Kampf*, is contested by writers in the émigré press; and Göring was a brave aviator before his internment in an asylum in Sweden. Even Herr Puzzi Hanfstaengl, who will no doubt be charged with the task of accompanying the British visitors, never availed himself of any of the many opportunities afforded him of returning from America to the Fatherland during the war, but preferred wisely to remain where he was during the whole of the hostilities. I suppose there is no country where ex-combatants have so little to say as in Nazi Germany. On this, the first anniversary of the atrocious murder by order of the Nazi Government of General von Schleicher, one cannot forget the ex-combatants slain during the St. Bartholomew night of June 30th, 1934, nor even the fact that the Treasurer of the British Legion, whose name is Cohen, would, were he a German, find himself for this reason alone excluded from membership in any such body.

(3) If the members of the British Legion really do desire to get in touch with German ex-combatants, then I would recommend them to make a tour of the numerous concentration camps now existing in Germany. They would surely find therein genuine "Frontkämpfer" such as Carl von Ossietsky, who fought with distinction through the whole war and whose genuine efforts for world-peace make it probable that he will win the Nobel prize this year, in view of the support from America, which efforts brought about his arrest in March, 1933, and his detention without charge or trial since then in various German prisons and camps. Indeed the British Legionaries need not go farther afield than Paris, where in the ranks of the German émigrés they will find an ample supply of ex-soldiers, as anxious as they to establish permanent peace.

Lastly, let the Legionaries remember the lines of a German classic poet, which are quoted *ad nauseam* to-day in all schools, meetings and assemblies:

> "Träumt Ihr den Friedenstag,
> Träume wer träumen mag.
> Krieg ist das Losungswort—
> Krieg! und es klinget fort."

Union Club, Brussels. GERALD HAMILTON

PSYCHOLOGY IN RETREAT

SIR,—Professor Joad, in his desperate attempt to prove to himself that modern psychology is of no use to philosophers or to anyone else, has unexpectedly found an ally in the person of Professor McDougall—that is, unexpectedly to Professor McDougall. For it needs a considerable ingenuity to twist Professor McDougall's disappointment that his many years of labour have not won more general recognition into a supposed pessimism about the value of psychology in general.

As to Professor McDougall's nightmare caricatures of psycho-analysis, so remote from the reality of it, these have long since ceased to amuse students of psychology, even when he suddenly interrupts them with *volte-faces* such as the one Professor Joad forgot to quote from his recent lectures, that Freud has contributed more to psychological science than anyone since Aristotle. It does not seem worth while to consider in detail the plethora of misleading innuendoes with which Professor Joad has charged his article, but I might single out an illustration of them. We learn to our surprise that the "Censor" and the "Oedipus Complex" are quite dead, Freud having relegated them to the limbo of mummies. With the "Censor" it must have been a particularly easy task, since he had never used this anthropomorphic concept which his opponents had invented to abuse him with. The nearest to it of his own ideas, the fundamental conception of repressing tendencies, the effect of which is selective so that its workings can

be metaphorically likened to those of a political censorship, is as alive to-day as when first propounded more than thirty years ago. The status of the "Oedipus Complex" I can best illustrate by an anecdote. A few weeks ago I was telling Professor Freud about an anthropologist's remark that psycho-analysis could easily be assimilated to modern anthropology if only analysts would make one little change in their theory. Freud broke into a smile and said: "I can guess what he meant—to leave out the Oedipus Complex, the centre of psycho-analysis."

I might add that it is becoming tedious to refute alternately the indictments that Freud is dogmatically fixed and that he is bewilderingly mobile, the truth being that he is merely cautiously evolutionary.

ERNEST JONES

SIR,—There seems to be a certain weakness in the logic of Mr. Joad's article on "Psychology in Retreat." It may be true that Freud is not a psychologist, and also that Freud has changed his mind so much that he may be said to have retreated. But it is difficult to see how, out of these two propositions, one can draw the conclusion that psychology is in retreat. Most of what Mr. Joad says about Freud appears to me to be wrong, but I will leave the discussion of that question to the psychoanalysts. I am more concerned with his attack on psychology.

To one used to the forward march of philosophy—its agreed conclusions, the absence of school labels, its continual production of practically important conclusions—the differences of opinion which exist amongst psychologists and their tendency to be preoccupied with problems of no immediate practical importance must be distressing. These things can, however, easily be exaggerated. Certainly there are rival schools which differ in their subject matter and approach. There are also many reasons for pessimism about the Socialist movement, but one of these is certainly not the fact that different groups under different banners converge by different routes to the same May Day meeting. Some psychologists work with white rats, some with human beings; some study behaviour and some study introspections. They are all laying the foundations of the same science.

Mr. Joad, however, says that Oxford philosophers have decided that a science of mind is not really practicable. I do not think that this decision will much affect the course of psychological research. The individual research worker has a less ambitious aim. His task is to find out some fact that was not known before and to relate it to other facts. This in psychology is not difficult. Two years ago, I had occasion to measure the magnification in apparent size of objects looked at through a telescope. My methods were very similar to those I learned at the Cavendish laboratory for finding the size of image produced by a lens system. Since now my results were concerned with the peculiarities of the individual observer and not with the physical properties of lenses, they were experiments in psychology and not physics. The results were new, easily repeatable by anyone else interested, and fitted nicely into other facts independently discovered. At the same time, a worker in America was finding out whether rats could be trained to react to the property common to all triangles; he found that they could. Another was investigating the fact that if we look long enough at a slightly bent line it appears straight. Are these facts of any importance? Much the same, I think, as any single fact discovered in physics or chemistry—they will interest those who are interested in the whole body of knowledge of which they form part, not others. Some Oxford philosophers will perhaps remain unmoved by them, but I should not regard that as a very good criterion of their value.

I am for the moment accepting Mr. Joad's estimate of the Oxford philosopher. I think he exaggerates their unanimity. I have known philosophers from Oxford who have discussed psychology without marked condescension or disparagement. Some have even been unwilling to disparage a subject of which they admitted that they knew very little.

Mr. Joad must have very imperfect acquaintance with the results of intelligence testing if he supposes that these can be summed up by saying that those persons shown to have low intelligence quotients will not do well in posts of responsibility. As well might one sum up the science of mechanics by sayingthat it has proved that if you push a brick it moves. If Mr. Joad were to read a modern book on the subject such as Spearman's *Abilities of Man*, he might be surprised to discover how much has been found out. Nor does his example of a discovery of experimental psychology (the after-image of a coloured spot) suggest any familiarity with recent work. Modern experimental psychologists will agree with him in not finding this a very interesting fact, not because it seems to them to be trivial, but because everything important was found out about it over fifty years ago. If again he read a modern book, such as Koffka's *Principles of Gestalt Psychology*, he would be in a better position to answer his own question: "What facts has psychology discovered?" I do not know whether any of these would prove to be facts that "we want to know." Perhaps not. The psychological research worker must be content to go on without being too much discouraged by the reflection that Mr. Joad's lectures on "the mind" will probably be entirely unaffected by his results.

Finally there is a collection of vague statements and doubtful analogies which Mr. Joad in his last paragraph presents as the generally agreed results of psychology. These he claims for philosophy. I think he is mistaken about their parentage, but philosophy may certainly adopt them if she wants them. I think it would be a poor philosophy that was willing to adopt them; but they are certainly no part of the family of scientific psychology.

Dept. of Psychology, ROBERT H. THOULESS
Glasgow University.

[We have only been able to print a small selection of our enormous correspondence on this topic. ED. N.S. & N.]

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—Messrs. Stuart, Rook and Reilly speak with assurance and from actual experience of the effect of prefects on the boys concerned. Their conclusion is perhaps best expressed in Mr. Reilly's words, "To the average prefect beating is not a 'demoralising privilege,' but an unpleasant responsibility which is as good for him as for the smaller boy." In face of so definite an assertion I can from personal experience absolutely deny that it is true.

Beating, far from being an unpleasant responsibility is commonly regarded as a pleasant entertainment for an idle evening. A quite desirable reputation may be acquired from the ability to reduce nervous small boys to tears or to vocal protestation. I have even known "records"—for the most numerous beatings administered—seriously competed for. Indeed the necessity of securing victims is one of the main incentives to the efficient performance of prefect's duties. If this incentive were abolished, it is possible that the assiduity with which prefects prosecute trivial, may be unintentional, but "beatable" offences would be seriously diminished. Certainly it would end the indefensible practice of "rigging" the rules, written and unwritten, so that an offence is inevitable—a practice not unknown in Public Schools.

Small boys are not insensible to pain or to fear any more than, say, horses or political offenders. A prefect's beating is a punishment, whose severity is only limited by the strength of the prefect's arm and shoulders. We should hesitate to inflict so severe a punishment in this country on either horses or political offenders. In fact, in contradiction to Mr. Reilly, I must state that nervous boys frequently give it not only five seconds thought, but allow the fear of it to occupy their minds for days on end. It is also remarkable that those who have most experience of this deterrent device usually remain most in need of it. The incidental stimulation of an auto-erotic zone in the area of its administration is perhaps not worthy of mention. However I do suggest that the ideal and even the practical value of this form of punishment tends to be over-rated.

H. W. M. PEEL
78 Warwick Street. (Late of Wellington College)

SIR,—I should like to endorse Mr. Reilly's letter on Public Schools, published in your issue of June 29th. He did well to point out that beating is a responsibility and not a privilege. Judging by Mr. Wilson's strictures it seems that prefects sometimes lack a sense of proportion, and mete out "hard blows for trivial faults." Yet if these go unpunished, small boys get slack and the tone of a House is lowered. Penalties there must be; and if these are to be graded, the prefects should deal with minor misdemeanours. Beatings, *pace* Mr. Lansden, are a better deterrent than impositions; but, once caught, most boys would rather be beaten than spend an hour writing out "lines."

Two ideas suggest themselves. One is that Housemasters should devise some means of checking prefectorial punishments. The other is that something less lethal than a cane should be used by boys on boys. I have been five years at a school—I may not say which—where both these ideas have worked well in practice.

D. R. WAINWRIGHT

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—In his effort to induce Professor Tawney to see in perspective the issue of conferring titles on Labour Party and Trade Union leaders, Mr. Ivor Thomas in his letter of last week not only fails completely to understand the purport of Professor Tawney's letter, but retains a firm belief in the distorted perspective which Socialists are endeavouring to cure.

The whole significance, as seen by Professor Tawney and the Socialists, lies not in the matter of hereditary titles. The inheritor of a title is in about the same position as the inheritor of money; he is one whose parents forced on him the acceptance of certain customs of the contenporary acquisitive society. Of these he may or may not divest himself. What is repulsive to a Socialist is that another professed Socialist should accept honours which are specifically not hereditary—honours, in short, which are for services rendered. When a man accepts a hereditary title from his father, we may be of the opinion that he is a meritless fool who has done nothing to deserve it. That is all that is necessary. When, however, a member of the working class movement accepts a title directly derived from the King as head of the propertied class, one does not discuss the question of merit. One says only that it was deserved, but not for services rendered to the working class. Whatever may be the qualities of those Trade Unionists who have recently received these honours, it now becomes even more difficult to answer the charges, however relevant or irrelevant, which are made not merely by the Left but also by the Right, that men who accept honours at the hands of those who they claim exploit their comrades have not the interests of their comrades at heart.

JOHN P. BARTER

50 Belsize Square, N.W.3.

SIR,—I suggest that it is impossible to exaggerate the significance of Professor Tawney's comments upon the acceptance of titles by members of the Labour Party. To the Communist, no doubt, it is an added confirmation of his theory, but to those who still retain some hope of an effective Socialist Government being achieved by way of the Labour Party it is but another sign of that appalling snobbery which seems to taint every part of our social life. This Labour must fight both as individuals and officially, otherwise there will be a repetition of lack of nerve at the time of political crisis. There are those who take the view that the convenience of having a handful of representatives in the House of Lords does not compensate for the enervating effect of paying lip-service to the Table of Precedency; and few, I imagine, of the more realistic members of the party were given added confidence in their leaders by the spectacle of a Labour Cabinet resplendent in Court dress.

It is to be hoped that some such resolutions as those suggested by Professor Tawney may be placed before the next Party Conference; failure to do so will drive many worthy members either to greater despair or into the Communist Party.

30 Delaware Mansions, W.9. G. H. THOMSON

"THEY TERRIFY ME"

SIR,—A. C., like Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in his recently published *My Seven Selves*, attributes a familiar army saying to the Duke of Wellington in reference to his recruits. "All anecdotes are false," De Quincey used to say, and few of the good sayings known to us all can be traced to the men commonly associated with them; but here is a remark that certainly antedates the Duke. Make it George the Third, faced with the list of general officers chosen to command the forces sent against the American colonists: "I don't know what effect these fellows will have upon the enemy, but by God, they terrify me!"

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Princes Risborough.

Miscellany

SHAW'S FIRST MANAGER

AT the Memorial Service for J. T. Grein there was read from the pulpit a list of his public achievements and also a list of the public honours bestowed upon him. The achievements were all in England and the honours all came from foreign Governments. (A couple of complimentary dinners, organised by private groups, were as much as England ever offered to a man who spent half a century, enormous enthusiasm, and a quantity of money in trying to rescue its theatre from excess of insularity and deficiency of mind.) It is true that England gave to this gifted immigrant from Holland various employment as a journalist for nearly fifty years; but it also twice treated him outrageously, once after his pioneer production of Ibsen's *Ghosts* in 1891, when he was put under the drain-pipe (one can hardly call it a hose) of the filthiest invective and again during the war, when he was victimised by one of the most fantastic exhibitions of nationalistic hysteria.

Yet Grein always came up smiling. For a man to be a critic of the English Theatre for half a century and not go melancholy-mad demands either a prodigious toughness of mind or a capacity for enthusiasm that is well-nigh incredible. Grein's armour against mental collapse was of the latter kind. A passion so abounding as his had sometimes to embrace the second-rate, for the simple reason that there was not enough first-rate to go round. A man may linger on as a dramatic critic, because he cannot afford to get out. But Grein had other financial interests; it was a passion which chained him to his stall.

Of course the English theatre neglected, when it did not resent, such a devotee; he was fired by two purposes utterly antipathetic to the English mind, to make our theatre intelligent and to make it international. He may have despaired of the first, but he never gave up hopes of the second; he organised many seasons for foreign players, always a hazardous enterprise in London, where a foreign actor, acting in his own tongue, can, with difficulty and patience, be made fashionable but never popular. Grein did not bother about the fashionable side of the business; he was trying to serve the ordinary playgoer, not the Mayfair gadabouts. The latter class might have supported his ventures, if he had used the right kind of publicity, for Mayfair, properly instructed about the last word in this or that, might swallow any pill, even a cry of alien players, with docility. But the ordinary playgoer, unskilled in tongues, will not pay for that which he cannot comprehend and he will not go to the theatre with a sense of civic duty. Grein's notion of the drama was partly civic, which is a totally un-English view. I never saw him so happy as one summer at the Malvern Festival. Here, for a few weeks each summer, the theatre really dominates an English town and the local life is centred round the dramatist, the players, and their public. Grein was obviously revelling in this change of atmosphere: it was his notion of a civilised existence.

He has his place in English theatrical history. When the Free Theatre movement began to emerge in the European capitals and Antoine was calling the intellectuals of Paris to attend his attic theatre, it was Grein who brought the novelty to London. Shaw wrote of Grein's Independent Theatre:

> It got on its feet by producing Ibsen's *Ghosts*; but its search for unacted native dramatic masterpieces was so complete a failure that in the autumn of 1892 it had not yet produced a single original piece of any magnitude by an English author. In this humiliating national emergency, I proposed to Mr. Grein that he should boldly announce a play by me. Being an extraordinarily sanguine and enterprising man, he took this step without hesitation.

The result was *Widowers' Houses*, first contemplated as a joint-product of William Archer's interest in well-made plays and Shaw's political realism. Such a partnership was impossible; Archer withdrew and Shaw refurbished the text on his own lines and presented Grein with the result which was produced at The Royalty Theatre in 1892. According to G. B. S.:

> It made a sensation out of all proportion to its merits or even its demerits; and I at once became infamous as a dramatist. The first performance was sufficiently exciting; the Socialists and Independents applauded me furiously on principle; the ordinary playgoing first-nighters hooted me frantically on the same ground: I, being at that time in some practice as what is impolitely called a mob orator, made a speech before the curtain; the newspapers discussed the play for a whole fortnight not only in the ordinary theatrical notices and criticisms, but in leading articles and letters; and finally the text of the play was published with an introduction by Mr. Grein, and an amusing account by Mr. Archer of the original collaboration, and a long preface and several elaborate controversial appendices in the author's most energetically egotistical fighting style.

If Grein had done nothing more for the English theatre than open its doors to G. B. S., he deserved of our country, which he made his by adoption, the recognition which foreign governments delighted to give him. But, though I suppose he enjoyed the ribbons and rewards, he could get on very well without them. At any rate he was still in his place after half a century, incapable of boredom. To be incapable of boredom does not make an exacting critic, but it makes a happy one. Grein began as the happy warrior of the advanced theatre and he saw some great advances made. He took his buffetings with courage and came up for more. His effervescence was incurable and delightful, an abiding contrast to others who go to the treadmill of theatrical journalism with less gusto and less grace.

IVOR BROWN

THE FUTURE OF GLYNDEBOURNE

IT may seem a little early to speak of the future of Glyndebourne as its second season has only just concluded, but this season has at once put Glyndebourne on the European musical map and also suggested a number of those problems that arise immediately an enterprise proves to have elements of vitality and permanency. Like most creative adventurers who begin light-heartedly an enterprise, Mr. John Christie probably had little idea where it would lead him. He has already built a large extension to his theatre in the form of a new stage with scenery dock surrounded by the wings—in stone matching the rest of the theatre building and his house—of a complete set of dressing-rooms and of a superb and immense green-room with views of the beautiful downland scenery surrounding the house; he will probably also enlarge his auditorium as much as he conveniently can without spoiling its design or acoustics, and so next season will find Mr. Christie in possession of what will be the most perfect and up-to-date opera house in Europe.

In itself this would not be much. England abounds in useless theatres full of up-to-date and out-of-date equipment—it does not matter much which, since both are equally futile without a man in charge who can make any fruitful use of them. Almost the only singularity of Glyndebourne has been the use which has so far been made of the machinery provided. The danger is that in future Glyndebourne will be misused, and Mr. Christie is no doubt constantly besieged with people telling him what he should do with the beautiful monster he has created. I am not one of these people for the simple reason that since Mr. Christie chose to put the artistic direction of his opera house into the hands of Fritz Busch, I presume he will continue it in those same hands, and as observer and critic I am only concerned to say that in my opinion he has—by some instinct amounting almost to genius—not only chosen the right director but possibly the only musical director who could have made such an artistic success of it. When Fritz Busch chose as his colleague and producer the well-known German actor, Carl Ebert, he proved that quite apart from his own rare talents as a musician and conductor he knew exactly what was wanted in an opera producer and where to find it. The management at Covent Garden has never had this luck or talent—call it what you will! Sir Thomas Beecham, like the good colleague he is, always speaks with enthusiasm of his producer Otto Erhardt at Covent Garden, but I doubt if anybody else does. Dr. Erhardt has his merits, and no doubt he is struggling against adverse and perhaps impossible conditions at Covent Garden, where many operas have to be put on the stage in such a short period. We may therefore say that Carl Ebert at Glyndebourne—where only four operas were produced for a season of five weeks, out of which only two were new this season—thanks to Mr. Christie works under far better conditions than Otto Erhardt, yet allowing for this Carl Ebert has shown remarkable gifts as a producer that I have not noticed anywhere in the Erhardt productions at Covent Garden. The point remains, however, that in Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert Mr. Christie has found a musical director and a producer who can take advantage of the unusually favourable conditions to produce a standard of performance that cannot be matched anywhere in the world to-day outside an isolated production here and there such as, no doubt, Toscanini's forthcoming production of Verdi's *Falstaff* in Salzburg next month.

But in the last of the Glyndebourne productions, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, I seemed to sense the dead hand of fatality which so quickly stretches forth to blight any sort of perfection and bring it to a premature conclusion, and this is what leads me as a disinterested outsider to utter a warning. *Die Entführung* was the only one of the four productions which did not leave the critical auditor in that state of satisfaction in which all existing blemishes, whatsoever they may be, are minor and unimportant. Only very experienced musicians or music-lovers can tell what a wealth of knowledge, patient rehearsing and care for detail went to make up the singing and the playing of these Mozart productions under Fritz Busch. Great talent and great love of the works was essential, but also a great deal of hard work. Now in spite of all this a production may fail just because for some reason or other it is not creative, it just does not hit the mark. To my mind the production of *Die Entführung* failed in this way, in spite of extraordinary excellencies, chiefly because the personality of Constanza as sung by Miss Noël Eadie was not right. I am not criticizing Miss Eadie's ability. It is extremely hard to find any singer who can vocalize that aria *Martyrn aller arten*, for example, at all. If Miss Eadie had been indisposed one night I doubt if anyone in England could have been found to take her place; nevertheless, her personality and her style were not such as to produce the necessary illusion and to anyone sensitive to the effect of a work of art as a whole this is a fatal objection, although I know that numbers of people would not be aware of this discrepancy. It is not a matter of mere good singing. One may say that Miss Eadie's singing was excellent, and a proof of her exceptional powers without admitting that it was exactly what one wanted for the part.

Now it is on all these fine aesthetic points that the possibilities of danger arise. There will be great pressure brought to bear on Mr. Christie, I have no doubt, to influence Fritz Busch in his choice of artistes and in particular to push the claims of English singers *excessively*. English singers have done very well in these Glyndebourne productions, but any tendency to give them the preference must be avoided, for it will be harmful. The proof that the general standard of Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert is higher than exists anywhere in England is in the fact that such artistes as Heddle Nash, Roy Henderson and Ina Souez—to name three only—have performed at Glyndebourne in a far superior manner to anything I have ever heard them do elsewhere.

I am told that next year there is to be a ten weeks' season at Glyndebourne. This is good news. It is also rumoured that *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni* and Berlioz's *Beatrice and Benedict* are to be added to the repertory. Nothing could be better! I hope that Mr. Christie will never be induced to stage Wagner at Glyndebourne. Why, indeed, should he, for Wagner is the one operatic composer to whom full justice is done at Covent Garden.

W. J. TURNER.

AMATEUR STATUS

OVER the players' entrance to the centre-court at Wimbledon are written these inspiring lines, enscrolled in gold:

> If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
> And treat these two impostors just the same . . .

But the real impostors are the players themselves, who, so many of them, spend their time striving to possess the best of two worlds, the world of amateur glory, and the world of professional gain. And the measure of success that they attain in this equivocal ambition can be gauged from the fact that they can afford to play tennis all the year round. To-day the sun never sets on the tournament world.

Yet the majority of these tennis stars possess little, if any,

private means. They come, for the most part, from very ordinary homes, and there has been nothing "posh" about their education. If they did not possess this odd gift for hitting a ball across a net with such accuracy and speed, many of them would now be serving their apprenticeship as junior clerks or shorthand typists; tiny, anonymous cogs in a giant machine. Instead, they are written up like film stars, they live like lords if they do not always behave like ladies, they have a lovely, leisurely time, going the round of the tournaments at home and abroad, following the sun, staying at the "best" hotels, meeting the "best" people, wearing expensive clothes, driving around in the sort of sports cars that Hollywood uses on Sundays.

How is it done? Chiefly by means of the secretaries of Tennis Clubs. In the circumstances it seems a farce that the Lawn Tennis Association should bother to draw up an elaborate code of rules which among other restrictions, prevents the stars from selling their names for newspaper advertisements or commercialising their talent on the screen.

Tournament secretaries often have a working partnership with some of the racquet manufacturers, who, in their turn, act as the players' agents. They encourage the tournament committees to bid against each other for the services of the stars on their list. Usually negotiations proceed something on these lines. As the date of their annual meeting approaches, each secretary gets in touch with the sports manufacturer, who has secured the contract for supplying balls and equipment for the tournament, and makes inquiries as to which of the many stars on their list would be free on such and such a date. In reply, the agents suggest some names. Haggling proceeds apace. If we could, we should prefer you to send down So and So, and So and So, they did so well at Wimbledon this year and their names will be a great draw in Puddleton-on-Sea. Also there is the question of the cup for the men's singles. X has won it two years running, and we must have somebody good enough this year to prevent his winning it outright. Yes, I know, replies the racqueteer, but you see, we have already half promised to send Miss A and Mr. B up north that week, Newton-under-Water are having a special jubilee meeting, and there will be all sorts of parties for the players. . . . I daresay, but you can tell Miss A and Mr. B from me, that if they come to us, they will not only get first-class hotel accommodation, including all their extras like drinks and laundry, but we will also send a car to fetch them from wherever they like (one of the amateur rules forbids the paying of railway fares!) and will also send them on their next tournament at the end of the week. Moreover, we shall be delighted to make a little "present" . . .

Here the voices drop to a whisper. The drawing capacity of the different stars under discussion is calculated. If the stands are filled every day, the takings for the week should be about . . . which means, that the usual percentage would be roughly . . . It is the same sort of discussion that theatre managers and theatrical agents have when they are thrashing out the question of a star's salary. Only in this case, instead of a pay envelope being brought openly to the dressing-rooms on Friday night, the tennis top-liners have a private visit paid to them by the tournament secretary late on Saturday afternoon, when the finals have all been satisfactorily concluded. And if at that meeting, a Bank of England note exchanges hands, you may be sure that it only appears vaguely under the heading of "General Expenses" in the tournament accounts, and of course it never passes through the player's banking account.

In addition, there are the prize-vouchers, which in a "good" year may mount up to several hundreds of pounds. In theory, there are strict restrictions as to what may be purchased with these scraps of paper. No consumable goods, for instance, or wearing apparel, or household necessities. At the same time, there is nothing to prevent a player from saving up his or her vouchers till there are enough, say, to buy a car, which can be resold for cash the next day? Many such methods of evasion are being evolved all the time.

In fact, "amateur" lawn tennis now is the best organised racket in the sports world. And those who doubt it should ask themselves why it is, since to the best players all racquets are free, that a certain star never varies from the use of a certain model, unless of course a rival manufacturer offers him better terms. Again, when for the rest of the summer and autumn, there are never less than half-a-dozen different tournaments every week, sometimes a dozen or more in England alone, why should some stars choose to go to one meeting and others to another? Is it all fortuitous? Of course not. Tennis players could not afford to spend their winters on the Riviera and spend so much money the rest of the year if they were not subsidised by the sport at which they excel.

The least tolerable aspect of the whole business is the attitude of smug superiority which some of the amateur stars adopt towards the avowed professionals. Take, as an example, Tilden, the greatest player the world has known. When he went over to the professional ranks, a number of the so-called amateurs chose to scoff at him and his fellow-players as though they were a troupe of performing fleas. Worse still, when he wished one day to return to the scene of his many triumphs, this time in the role of spectator, he was not allowed into the competitors' stand, though he had in the past brought more gate-money to Wimbledon than any other individual. When Cochet became a professional, he had the same experience. Did the Committee think that these great players were no longer gentlemanly enough to sit on the same seats as their "unpaid" fellows? Most of us feel, I suggest, that it is no disgrace to be paid for playing a game: but that it is a disgrace to pretend to play for pure love of the game, when in fact you are making from it a handsome livelihood. And we are likely to conclude that the sooner the distinction in tennis between amateurs and professionals is abolished, the better for everyone concerned.

G. WILSON

THE FRANCO-ITALIAN EXHIBITION

WHAT makes this exhibition at the Wertheim Gallery (8 Burlington Gardens) unusually interesting is that it reveals to English gallery-goers—at the moment probably the best catered for in the world—a bit of unknown, or at any rate ill-known, country. The paulo-pre-war French painters and those who came to maturity just after the war, the late Impressionists that is to say, the post-Impressionists and the Cubists, are now almost as well known in London as in Paris. It is about the men who have made some mark during the last six or seven years, a small band notoriously, survivors of a generation broken by the war, that a curious public wishes to learn. To satisfy it Mr. Zwemmer has already done something. The organisers of this exhibition, the Princess Bassiano in particular, by bringing this extremely catholic collection to London carry our education a step farther.

Of Bonnard and Vuillard, both of whom are adequately represented on these rather over-crowded walls, I do not propose to say anything, so well are they known to the English; unless it be that Vuillard, in his big picture of Maillol at work, has set himself, as any amateur can see, a fantastically difficult problem which he has solved triumphantly. Segonzac is meagrely represented by a single landscape. But the seven works by Dufresne will enhance his already considerable reputation. It would be interesting and possibly instructive to compare these with some of his early doings. So far as I remember, Dufresne at the outset gave no great promise of future excellence. His work was empty rather and costive. At some point in his career he discovered not only that he possessed abundance of fanciful imagination, but that a gifted and intelligent artist can turn imagination of all sorts to account. Since then he has become one of the most attractive painters in France.

Boussaingault, Gromaire and Goerg are all known in

England without being well known, though one of them is known better than he deserves. I find little or nothing to be said in favour of Goerg, who strikes me merely as pretentious and feeble. The vaguely primitive airs that he affects would be shown up best by introducing into the gallery some third-rate painting of the fourteenth century. A genuine primitive no matter how humbly anecdotic, will never give his figures gestures that are wholly insignificant, which do not help even to tell the story; whereas you might pull Goerg's puppets about as you pleased, change the position of the limbs, or set them upside down, without making any appreciable difference to the anecdote, let alone the design. Gromaire is manifestly a sound painter; but unluckily (for me) leaves me cold. The reappearance of Boussaingault, on the other hand, is a delightful surprise. His four decorative fancies, executed in some odd medium the nature of which I was unable to determine, combine an appetising recollection of the eighteenth century with the expression of a capricious but quite distinct temperament.

Of the painters unknown, or hardly known, to London—so far I am writing only of the French group—the most interesting seem to me Balthus, Brianchon and the Breton, Tal Coat. Each of these young men—they are all under thirty I believe—has a definite personality. Balthus, to whose work I have already called attention in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, seems the most remarkable. He is represented by a single picture, a fancy portrait of Donna Lelia Gaëtani standing in the Champs Elysées; it is significant, I think, that when I said that she had the air of standing in the Parc Montsouris, my remark did not strike my companions as imbecile. The aim of Balthus appears to be that of a good many of the younger painters: he aims at the complete realisation of some immediate visible fact in an atmosphere of imagination and suggestion as completely realised, an atmosphere which as often as not seems to contradict the ostensible theme. He is not a surrealist; but he has attacked one of the favourite problems of the surrealists, and, thanks to superior lucidity and finer sensibility of touch, has beaten them on their own ground.

Brianchon is instinctively elegant. He owes something to Picasso and something to Braque, and he has other debts I doubt not. That is as it should be in the work of a very young painter. At any rate, one never loses a sense of his particular attitude to art and life, and would recognise a painting by him as one walked past those windowfuls of almost identical pictures in the rue de Seine or the rue Bonaparte. Tal Coat contributes a number of small, unemphatic works, admirably painted with sincere and modest conviction: No. 79, *Head of Harlequin*, is the most ambitious and best of the bunch. Several other painters, unequal in their production as is natural in men so young, Pierre Vérité, with his *Clown* (86), and Léonid with his *Poplars* (50), deserve attention.

The promoters of the exhibition have decided, for good reasons no doubt, to include work by neither of the living Italians best known to Europe, Severini and Filippo de Pisis. Consequently there is no outstanding Italian personality. On account of his name the painter at whose pictures visitors are likely to look first is Fausto Pirandello. They will not be disappointed, for his *Still Life* is perhaps the best part of the Italian quota. Several others produce work that is agreeable enough: Galassi, with his tasteful *Still Lifes*, and Paulucci who contributes a couple of fresh and dashing landscapes (*Nervi* and *San Michel in Pagano*), are especially to be commended. The rarity of false emphasis and forced notes, the simplicity, the good taste and good humour of these young men, will probably come as a pleasant surprise to people accustomed to the vast and clamorous exhibitions of modern Italian art in Rome and Venice.

The fact is, Italian painting has for some years been labouring under a disability from which it may be hoped this rising generation will deliver it. This disability is as understandable as regrettable. It is understandable that the men of a nation which has produced the greatest school of painting ever known, a school which gave the law to Europe for more than four hundred years, should now be loath to acknowledge themselves provincial. Yet the fact is that all schools are, and have been for the best part of a century, provincial to the French. From the time of Courbet, if not from earlier days, French painting has been the central influence in occidental art. Modern Italy, having no live tradition of her own—the eighteenth-century Venetian was the last national movement—must, like England, Germany and Spain, Russia, America and Scandinavia, borrow of the capital. One quite understands that this is wounding to Italy's legitimate pride. But facts are facts, and the fact is Italy has borrowed like the rest of us. Only Italian painters have made, and still make, frantic efforts to conceal, and even to deny, the debt; and in the struggle are apt to assume attitudes that are sometimes a little, and sometimes more than a little, ridiculous. It is the absence of such attitudes from the vast majority of these pictures at the Wertheim Gallery that is refreshing and hopeful. Surely it should be easy for Italians to remember that from the beginning of the fourteenth to the end of the eighteenth century all schools of Europe—not excepting the Flemish and Dutch—looked ultimately to Italy for inspiration and direction, without feeling any intolerable sense of shame and with results to which the galleries of Europe may bear witness.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Love of Women" at the Arts

The censor is often more right than he may realise. The factors in this play which presumably provoked his ban are precisely those which turn it from a good play into a bad one. In outline it is the reverse side of the *Green Bay Tree* medal: the conflict for the possession of Brigit Wingate between Vere Malcolm, the woman whom she has loved in a cottage for five years, and Dr. John Bourdillon, who wants to carry her off as his wife to Harley Street. (His female counterpart in the *Green Bay Tree* was also a member of the medical profession.) So far, for the censor, so good, since the relationship between the two women is almost unnaturally high-minded. (By a curious process of logic they have "cut out sex" in order to become better playwrights.) Despite a certain flavour of unreality, here is ample material for good emotional drama about people without a sense of humour. But the authors proceed to the facetious introduction of Brigit's conventional parents. Scandalised by the reports of gossiping tongues, they descend at the beginning upon the rural scene in an attempt to rescue their daughter from her infamous reputation. The ladies are righteously indignant at their charges, the censor is shocked by an implication which need not otherwise have arisen, the intrusion (unlike that of the fervent Welsh Methodist father in the *Green Bay Tree*) exerts no emotional pull, but simply confuses the dramatic scheme. Only when the parents have gone do the emotional issues become real. This is one of those rare plays in which the last act is on a level far above the other two. It gives Miss Barbara Couper and Mr. Wyndham Goldie (as Vere and Dr. Bourdillon) an opportunity for some first class acting. The authors never give Miss Diana Beaumont a chance to develop Brigit's character or to make her relationship with Vere convincing, and even at the end one is at a loss to see how this attractive and indecisive young thing can ever have collaborated in the writing of a New York stage success. In fact one can only be thankful that *Love of Women* was written by Aimée and Philip Stuart and not by Vere Malcolm and Brigit Wingate. If reconstructed, it might both pass the censor and entertain the audience.

"Le Nouveau Testament," Daly's Theatre.

One of the essential elements of a good surprise is its simplicity. We see M. Sacha Guitry, the busy, fashionable doctor Marcelin, fussed by his engagements, irritated by his obtuse *valet de chambre*, sparing ten minutes to have a cup of tea with his wife, accompanying that rite with a brief homily on the shortness of life and the passes to which married life under such circumstances as his own must come. The new secretary arrives, exquisitely pretty, young, demure; M. Guitry casts an eye upon her slender legs. "You do not waste much time" observes the slightly faded wife; "I have not much time to waste" rejoins M. Guitry and goes off to an appointment

Later guests arrive for dinner, M. and Mme. Worms, the latter an old flame of M. Guitry, preceded by their son, the lover of Mme. Marcelin. The Doctor is late, soon there is a ring and the old valet comes in bringing the Doctor's coat. There is no explanation of how it arrived and Mme. Marcelin remembering her previous conversation concludes that her husband is dead, particularly when she finds in his pocket-book a will written that very afternoon. This she proceeds to read aloud with the help of M. Worms. The contents are not at all what the assembled company would expect, showing that Dr. Marcelin was well aware of the various intrigues his immediate circle were engaged in; still worse he leaves only a third of his fortune to his wife, the other two-thirds being divided between the new secretary and her mother. In the midst of the consternation the Doctor in a coat covered with chalk marks arrives from his tailor, who has sent the garment home he had taken off, and his guests, pretending that nothing has happened, go in to dinner Once the surprise garment has been sprung, the play as a play falls off considerably. An admirable scene between the Doctor and Mme. Worms, who has come to tell him of the opening of the will and a charming interlude with the secretary, in which he tells her that he is her father, are high lights in the rather commonplace development and winding-up of the situation. But the quality of the play lies in the deft and refreshing grasp of the angles and corners of everyday life. The Touchstone-like quality of the valet's little speech to Mme. Marcelin on the effect on him of the different ways of ringing a bell, the melancholy grotesqueness of the retiring secretary (Mme. Pauline Carton), who like another *Comédienne* before her had married a fisherman, who she wished had been a militiaman, the hard and somewhat sour resentment of the aging wife (admirably played by Mme. Betty Dausswood) are, of course, only foils to M. Guitry's bland Doctor. But it is by the sharpness they give to the play that M. Guitry's humanity and wit stand out. M. Guitry never moves us as his father did, and it may be because he is ruthlessly exploiting the brilliant drops of technique, which fall from every finger, that we experience a slight feeling of shallowness in his acting. But it is a pleasure to see and listen to any actor so accomplished and for that we must forgive the tediousness of much of the second half of the play.

SMALL ACCOUNTS

The Bank would like to impress upon the public that its interests are by no means focussed only on 'big business'. By tradition as well as by deliberate policy, the Westminster Bank has always aimed at fostering the 'small' account.

Moreover, there is no sharper line of demarcation between 'big' and 'small' than between 'white' and 'black'; there are many greys between, and it has always been good business for the Bank to encourage the smaller account with confidence in its growth later on.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

"Close Quarters" at the Embassy

Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka, an Austrian actor hitherto unknown to London, are providing one of the most satisfying theatrical evenings of the year. To write a play for no more than two people is more difficult than useful. W. O. Somin and the translator Gilbert Lennox deserve credit for their skill, but only two players of outstanding ability could hope to carry such a piece through to triumph. The major task is Homolka's. He begins the evening as an ebullient, tipsy, cheerful workman, proud of his own eloquence, of his adoring wife, of his assured progress within "the party" to which he devotes a fanatical loyalty. He ends it, with two revolver shots, completely disillusioned, in the knowledge that he has won his advancement by his wife's pitiful disloyalty to everything in which he believes. The gradual revelation of the falseness of his position offers opportunity to Herr Homolka of which he takes full advantage. He is expressive and poignant in an admirably un-English way. Every mood, of fear, resentment, hope and despair, is vividly, insistently presented without reticence or gentlemanly restraint. Flora Robson, as the wife who from the best of motives has betrayed him to the capitalist enemy, provides a completely contrasting quality. Until the last act, her part is a static one. She nurses her secret stoically until circumstances force from her a most moving confession. A cheap and quite unnecessary trick curtain disfigures a superbly acted play.

"No More Ladies," at the Empire.

This is a bright little film which the devotee of slick American cinema comedy, if he missed it this week at the Empire, would do well to see when generally released. It is lively, well put together and neatly acted by a strong cast which includes Charles Ruggles. On the stage this same little play, however well acted, would seem jejune and thin. The plot is weak: a rake (Robert Montgomery), marrying more in hope than in earnest, discovers that he's a lounge leopard who cannot change his spots. His wife (Joan Crawford) makes as if to pay him back in his own coin—but doesn't need to; it was all a mistake. Is any plot more hackneyed? Yet on the screen, ably directed, this tattered dirty linen is embroidered with suitable wisecracks and actually assumes a certain interest. A comic Englishman, a sheep-dog, and two or three nice, simple little sermons (the latest 1935 model, worn without even a catch in the voice) contribute largely to this result. Why is it that the stage cannot compete, for sheer entertainment value, with this type of film? In such comedy, speed is, of course, the essential; and the ubiquitous camera is quicker, as well as more sprightly to watch, than the tidiest legitimate dramatist. So that whenever, wit for wit, the screen can hold its own, it wins hands down. On the other hand, an excess of sentiment is rendered by mechanical enlargement more wearisome, more indigestible and more false, if possibly less embarrassing, on the inanimate screen than on the animate stage. *No More Ladies*, as a light stage-play, would have proved futile; as a serious film, taken solemnly, a packet of tawdry emotional misconceptions. But as a screen comedy it has all the sparkle of adult, semi-clean fun, and, if you liked *Forsaking All Others*, is a film to see. The "trailer" of *Public Hero No. 1*—number two of the new anti-gangster films—promised well, at the same cinema.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 6th—
- Socialist League Garden Party, King Alfred School, Golders Green, 3.
- Thomas More Centenary Commemoration, 381 King's Road, Chelsea, 3.
- "Joy of Movement," Demonstration of Dancing and Choric Movement, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
- Mona Rani and Hindu Musicians. Arts Theatre.

SUNDAY, July 7th—
- Dr. H. J. Bridges on "The Canonisation of Sir Thomas More," Conway Hall, 11.
- One-day Film School. Studio Theatre, 59, Finchley Road, from 10.30.

MONDAY, July 8th—
- "Public Saviour No. 1." Piccadilly.

TUESDAY, July 9th—
- Alanova in Dance and Mime, His Majesty's, 3. Also July 11th.

WEDNESDAY, July 10th—
- Monica Whately on "The Menace of Fascism to Freedom," 1 Willoughby Road, 7.45.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Invidia judeorum, sapientia graecorum, crudelitas pictorum, fortitudo romanorum, gula gallorum, ira bryttanorum, stultitia saxonum vel anglorum . . .

THUS are the characteristics of the nations accurately but irrelevantly set forth at the foot of a tribal hidage of England in the seventh century, a document giving the number of hides of land from Elmet and Lindisfarne in the north to Kent and Wessex in the south. Jewish envy, Roman fortitude and Greek wisdom were no doubt mere fruits of the scribe's scholarship, but the gluttony of the Gauls, the bad temper of the Welsh and the stupidity of the English may have been set down from first-hand observation. It is no doubt an exaggeration to say that stupidity was first brought into these islands by our German ancestors, nevertheless, though it is widely diffused among us, it still seems to be most dense where they have been least disturbed; thus the citizens of Norwich are brighter in the head than those of Godalming. Most of us would like to have a dash of Norman blood in us, not because it is allied to coronets but to brains; yet we feel safest if we have Anglo-Saxons as our neighbours: we can trust to their simple faith and their kind hearts. This instinctive feeling about the race is borne out by reading *A History of the Anglo-Saxons* by R. H. Hodgkin (2 vols., Oxford Press, 30*s*.). It is a really first-rate book, vigorously and clearly written, as exciting reading for the ordinary person as for the student. If I may take the liberty of comparing an historian with a horse, I should say that Mr. Hodgkin was mettlesome and spirited, and can be relied on neither to shy at anything by the road, nor to bolt. I have not enjoyed reading a book so much for very many months; the author's admirable style has a pleasant dryness:

> Some hardihood, however, is required by those who maintain that Procopius was well informed about the circumstances of Britain, inasmuch as this author elsewhere says that human life could not be lived in the country beyond the Roman Wall and that Britain itself was a ghostly region to which the souls of the dead were ferried on phantom ships by night.

* * *

The story of the chronicles and legends is carefully checked at every point by the results of archaeology and the findings of the philologist and the field worker balanced against each other. The departure of the Romans and the settlements of the Saxons are a tangled fragmentary history in which we read of the devastation of Christian Britain by the pagan Irish (who carried off St. Patrick) and of the alliance of Picts with Saxon raiders. But is Mr. Hodgkin justified in dismissing the problem of the Pictish language by calling them "Gaelic speaking Highlanders?" As the State broke up Christianity became a living force:

> It was the great discovery of the age and probably occupied the minds of thinking men more than did fear of the Saxons. . . . Roman Britain has passed in ninety years from an age of toleration to an age when belief was so intense that it was an offence to have mistaken notions about the sin of Adam; from an age when . . . drafts of Imperial troops were guided across the channel by the lighthouses on the cliffs of Boulogne and Dover to an age when St. Germanus in crossing the channel was obstructed by demons.

The Saxons did not come as separate tribes of peaceful yeoman farmers bringing their free institutions. Mr. Hodgkin compares their advent to the colonisation of North America; the Saxons were colonists, bold spirits who came in trickling bands, each headed by a king: "The ship's crew must be a band of adventurers. It cannot well be a family party." Thus the law founded on kindred was never so powerful here as in Germany, and the powers of the kings were immediately greater. Moreover, no centralised religion seems to have been brought over and very few Saxon place-names have a pagan religious significance (Harrow is one of them). This made the work of conversion easier; the lettered missionary, whether he came from Rome or Ireland, was at once useful to the king, his adviser and his secretary, and, later on, the private temples of each Saxon thegn could be converted piecemeal, without violence, into our existing parish churches. Thus the great civilising work went on, working through strange agents: mystical anchorites who lived on rocky islets where they practised austerities and baptised the seals. It was an age full of saints:

> The great number of saints who have left their place-names of Wales and of Cornwall is in itself sufficient to justify the assumption that the tests of sanctity among the Britons were not usually so severe as those exacted at St. David's.

The light in even the most easy-going of these saints may seem mere darkness in comparison with that of the lighthouses of ancient Rome, but we must remember that they brought a Celtic love of learning and a knowledge of Mediterranean art and culture with them and that they found many pupils among the Saxons who fell in love with knowledge:

> For the first and only time in history, Ireland excelled the rest of Europe in learning, culture, and vigorous Christianity. . . . Do we understand how these Saxons, as they listened to the Irishman holding forth in his wattled hut, were receiving unplumbed profundities of knowledge? What mysteries were there half-opened to their astonished minds, what intoxicating draughts at the Hisperic founts of Celtic learning!

Such teaching bore its greatest fruit in Northumbria, the home of St. Cuthbert, Bede and Caedmon; but for Northumbria "the decision of King Oswy to adhere to the Roman instead of to the Scottish Church was suicidal." Suicidal for Northumbrian supremacy, but inevitable since the cultural centre of England had necessarily to be in the South, close to the Continent, which had more to offer than Ireland. In any case, Northumbrian civilisation was wiped out by the Vikings at the Battle of York. Yet if Northumbria rose to cultural leadership thanks to Irish missionaries, the political rise of Wessex seems to have been due to the success with which it absorbed aliens, to the greater admixture of Celtic blood, and to the absence of dynastic feuds.

* * *

Mr. Hodgkin gives a striking description of the Vikings, though he obviously does not like them and regards them as enemies, even after their settlement in the Danelaw—skilful, enterprising and "slim." He does not hesitate to link up the chiefs mentioned in the chronicles with the heroes of Scandinavian traditions. Critical boldness of this sort is one of Mr. Hodgkin's best qualities; he is aware, as he says, that "at the present day it is more needful to correct the bias to scepticism than that to credulity." He tells how, after ravaging Ireland, the Danes and Norwegians began to raid England and France for loot and slaves (whom they sold to the Moors in Spain) and how a generation later they began systematically to lay England waste. Mr. Hodgkin sees in their campaigns with Alfred the elements of a thought-out strategic campaign for subduing the whole of England permanently. Alfred is naturally his hero, and five out of twenty chapters are devoted to a detailed exposition of his achievement as a soldier and law-maker, and to his character. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the section on Alfred's ideas. Thus his mind continually dwelt upon the notion that every brook finds its way to the sea and then passes back and goes winding through the earth till it comes again to the surface at the same spring from which it flowed at first. Perhaps somewhere, even to-day, a Wessex farm-hand holds the same belief. In writing of Alfred's victories and of Alfred's character, Mr. Hodgkin's impartiality somewhat deserts him; he writes with intense patriotism and deep emotion, claiming that by the time of Alfred's death a type of man had been produced "different from all others," "prone to sluggishness and heavy seriousness" but "with a certain humanity and practical sense . . . a readiness to bear and forbear." It is perfectly true there is a certain *stultitia anglorum* which has much in common with natural wisdom. Mr. Hodgkin, with artistic rectitude, does not carry his history beyond the death of Alfred.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Criss-Cross. By DON TRACY. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

The Death Riders. By CORNELIUS COFYN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Spy Paramount. By PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

She Fell Among Thieves. By DORNFORD YATES. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Burmese Days. By GEORGE ORWELL. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Star Against Star. By GAWEN BROWNRIGG. *Obelisk Press.* 50 francs.

Perchance to Dream. By MARY LUTYENS. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.

Books must be very light for this weather. Criticism should be light too, light and balmy. Fortunately the heat, which brings out new insects, strange rashes, brings out the summer thrillers too, and here are four very good ones.

Criss Cross is by the author of *Round Trip*. It is a fascinating American crime story—aesthetically, worse than *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, if that were possible—but begin it at any page, nevertheless, and you can't stop till you've read all the others. It is a mass of fake simplicity, fake intensity, fake slang. Only the sentimentality and bad grammar are genuine. But one has to read it. Hemingway, like Saturn, fosters this brood, and sooner or later one of them will devour him. Nothing drags down an original like a bad imitation. For those who like the real thing I have secured some advice from that great artist Spud Crout, whose *Gunmoll* sold two hundred thousand copies before publication. "Writing's easy," he says, "it's just sweating blood, that's all. The rest you can leave to the preterite, the pluperfect, and the Parker Duofold. Here's a highspot from my new opus *Masterplay*. (The 'I,' of course, is not me, Spud Crout, but the hero, Jake Steve.)"

> "Hell, Jeese," I said. "I'm going to shave." I was feeling pretty sore. I walked over to the closet and got my shaving tube. There was still some whisky in the mug and I emptied it. I squeezed some cream on to my thumb and rubbed it on my face. It was good cream and felt good and soft like that time in Paramaribo. I took a new blade and fitted it into the razor, putting it level in the groove so that one half fitted exactly over the other half. Then I screwed in the handle and started to lather. There was a time I could of used a blade five or six times and now with the beard I had I could only of used one three or four times. Later when I was an old man maybe down again to five or six times. That's what life does to you and it's not so good either. After that I lathered pretty hard. I began to shave in long downwards strokes from the temples. I don't trust a guy that can shave up. No beard. It felt good to shave. There was a basin in front of me and water in the basin and suds of lather in the water big at first but getting smaller all the time. They say when they lay you out as a stiff your beard keeps on for quite a spell. I guess the world's just a big stiff and we're the hair still sprouting. Just dead men's nails, I thought. I must have still been feeling sore. I dried my face. I unscrewed the razor and dried it. I put the cap back on the tube and washed the brush in the basin. There was a rim of hair on the edge of the basin. I let the water out. It gurgled out the way we all gurgle out when we're paged by death the bell-hop. I passed my hand over my face to see if it was the way it would be smooth and clean again for Mabel. It had been a pretty good shave.

The Death Riders is as English as *Criss Cross* is American. The heroes are well-meaning amateur bunglers. The villains quote Shakespeare and kill only for international reasons. While in American books everyone is unbelievably corrupt the essential element in English thrillers is the surprise—"here was I less than three minutes' walk from the women's institute and yet what I had seen would have disgraced an antipope in the worst days of Avignon."

It is odd there aren't any Socialist thrillers. I suppose it is because, unlike a detective story, a proper thriller cannot be written by anyone grown up. Beneath such books must run a note of rugged individual discontent. "It's these softies in the Cabinet," these rabbits in the War Office, who won't see that we hush-hush chaps have got to make a spot of trouble now and then. God knows nobody hates war more than I do, but after all, "who dies, if England live?"

> "The damned pundits of Whitehall think I've got a bee in my bonnet."
>
> "But I thought the M.I. departments—" I began. "One day I'll tell you the troubles of that department since the war," he interrupted, "it would take too long now. But it suffered severely in the general process of beating swords into ploughshares. Cecil Williams and one or two others like him are the latest cross. Mind you this is entirely *entre nous*. I wouldn't say a word if I didn't count you almost as one of us." He laid a hand on my shoulder as he spoke.
>
> "Of course," I answered, glowing inwardly.

The *Death Riders* is an exciting up-to-the-minute *Greenmantle* type of thriller about Geneva, the Hebrides and Storm-Troop Germany. *The Spy Paramount* is less boyish and adventurous, but more professional. Mr. Oppenheim has astonished his fans by laying the scene in Monte Carlo. It is another good, cool, summery, improbable thriller.

Sometimes, at great garden parties, literary luncheons, or in the quiet of an exclusive gunroom, a laugh rings out. The sad, formal faces for a moment relax and a smaller group is formed within the larger. They are admirers of Dornford Yates who have found out each other. We are badly organised, we know little about ourselves and next to nothing about our hero, but we appreciate fine writing when we come across it, and a wit that is ageless united to a courtesy that is extinct. One of the severest accusations that will be levelled against this commercial era is that it encouraged the author of *Berry and Co.*, *Jonah and Co.* and *The Brother of Daphne* to abandon his lighter vein for the rigour of the adventure story. *She Fell Among Thieves* is as exciting as you could wish, however, and contains fine examples of the prose of his later period.

> Her face and her limbs were not so much brown as glowing, and a bloom I had never seen was becoming her exquisite skin as the dew becomes a lawn at the birth of a summer's day. Her shining hair was curly and loosely clubbed, and her great blue eyes had the steady and fearless look of a being that knows no wrong. . . . Though she must have been nineteen or twenty all the sweetness of girlhood dwelled in her glorious eyes, and I remember thinking that so Eve may have appeared, before she was brought to Adam, to be his wife.

The book would have been improved by a map.

Burmese Days is an admirable novel. It is a crisp, fierce, and almost boisterous attack on the Anglo-Indian. The author loves Burma, he goes to great lengths to describe the vices of the Burmese and the horror of the climate, but he loves it, and nothing can palliate, for him, the presence of a handful of inefficient, complacent public school types who make their living there.

> "Even those bloody fools at the club might be better company if we weren't all of us living a lie the whole time."
>
> "But my dear friend, what lie are you living?"
>
> "Why, of course, the lie that we're here to uplift our poor black brothers instead of to rob them. I suppose it's a natural lie enough. But it corrupts us, it corrupts us in ways you can't imagine. There's an everlasting sense of being a sneak and a liar that torments us and drives us to justify ourselves night and day. It's at the bottom of half our beastliness to the natives. We Anglo-Indians could be almost bearable if we'd only admit that we're thieves and go on thieving without humbug. . . ."
>
> It is a stifling, stultifying world in which to live. It is a world in which every word and every thought is censored. In England it is hard even to imagine such an atmosphere. Everyone is free in England; we sell our souls in public and buy them back in private, among our friends. But even friendship can hardly exist when every white man is a cog in the wheels of despotism. Free speech is unthinkable. All other kinds of freedom are permitted. You are free to be a drunkard, an idler, a coward, a backbiter, a fornicator, but you are not free to think for yourself.

This will give you some idea of the vigour and rapidity of this extremely biased book. The author lacks both the depth of Mr. E. M. Forster and the detachment of Mr. Somerset Maugham. But he is writing of the purely civilian population of a small town where there are no resplendent rajahs' courts nor Hindu philosophers, only a few business men running an unbusinesslike people. His novel might have been better if he had toned down the ferocious partiality of the Lawrence-Aldington school, but personally I liked it and recommend it to anyone who enjoys a spate of efficient indignation, graphic description, excellent narrative, excitement, and irony tempered with vitriol.

I hope a copy finds its way to the club at Kyauktada.

Star Against Star is a first novel written by a young man of twenty-one. Nobody can or should pay thirteen and sixpence for a novel, so I will only say that it is competent and promising. The book describes a normal young girl toppling into the well of loneliness through a series of accidents, and the unhappiness she finds there. The author shows a grasp of the fundamentals of passion, but makes use of a distinctly hackneyed vocabulary for them. A book for Calais platform, when the franc falls.

Perchance to Dream is as feminine as *Burmese Days* is masculine in inspiration. It is a lovely, pellucid book written as a diary,

from JONATHAN CAPE'S list of NEW BOOKS

Peace by Ordeal

An account, from first hand sources, of the Negotiation and Signature of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, 1921 by FRANK PAKENHAM

'An excellent piece of historical writing. It is a good deal more than that. It is an attempt to paint the background against which the present troubled relations between Great Britain and the Irish Free State become intelligible.'
ROBERT LYND in the NEWS CHRONICLE

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'This is a book of great historical value, for Mr. Pakenham has had access to documents of supreme importance which have not been used before.' THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 15s.

Beyond This Limit

pictures by WYNDHAM LEWIS, words by NAOMI MITCHISON.

'Up to a certain point we know where we are with life and reason; but beyond this limit anything may happen, and it is *Beyond this Limit* that this fascinating, preposterous and oddly charming book concerns. There is a magic in the subconscious pattern of words, and Mr. Wyndham Lewis has found it admirably adopted to his particular gift for symbolic form.'
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MONDAY, JULY 8

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

but without the mannerisms of a diary, the description of a young woman getting over one love affair and going through another. I find its charm hard to analyse, but there is a kind of natural and melancholy rightness running through it, such as one finds in *Daphne Adeane*, by Maurice Baring. The writer's images and expressions are almost banal—but they aren't banal. The easy flow of the diary crystallises occasionally into dialogue, occasionally into epigram. "I have never before felt so strongly as I do now the sense of youth wasted, of life slipping by. The span of life is just the wrong length; it is too long to make one feel that it is not worth while doing anything, but too short to make anything one does worth while."

I thought the author's first book, *Forthcoming Marriages*, was weakened by a too rigorous adherence to the conventions; here the intensity of feeling triumphs over them, and the rich respectable relatives suggest the dullness of the grave. I think *mesure* in the French sense gives the quality of the book, and I recommend it to those who are interested in the relations of men and women, and who enjoy a certain limpid purity of diction allied to distinction of heart.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

MONASTICISM

Black Angels of Athos. By MICHAEL CHOUKAS. *Constable.* 12*s.*

Books like *Middletown*, *Patterns of Culture* and *Growing Up in New Guinea* have shown an admirable ability in American anthropologists to relate their science to contemporary problems. Mr. Choukas (an American of Greek origin who has been trained in sociology) is a much less stimulating writer: we are immediately put off his book by its foolish title and a blurb taken presumably straight from the American edition—"5,000 Human Guinea Pigs for the Sociologist?" Also the bibliography gives only the American publishers of English books. But the subject is interesting—I should explain that these black angels and guinea pigs are Orthodox monks. And Mr. Choukas's book contains information not to be found in Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant* (a delightful minor classic), Mr. Athelstan Riley's *Mount Athos*, Mr. Robert Byron's *The Station*, or Mlle. Maryse Choisy's merely journalistic *Un Mois chez les Hommes*. (She lived, disguised as a young man, on the Holy Mountain where not only women but even female animals and beardless boys are strictly forbidden.) Mr. Choukas, though a Protestant, shows some understanding of monasticism:

> Always the same question is asked of the monks: "What is the purpose of your life on Athos?"; and it invariably provokes the stereotyped answer on the part of the monks: "What is the purpose of your life outside?" And the monks seem to have the best of such an argument, for they at least have a purpose, while the man from the outside finds himself at a loss, for his life is not organised on the base of a particular purpose.

Indeed monks and nuns may well argue that they are almost the only Christians who act as if they really believed in their religion. Since earthly life is but a test to decide whether we shall pass eternity in beatific bliss or in inconceivable agony, the *bien pensant* layman who interests himself in his family and country is allowing himself to be distracted by dangerous trifles. But in fact since the time of Constantine the Church has approved a variety of ways of life, and Monsignor Talbot in a hasty moment went so far as to declare that the province of the laity was "to hunt, to shoot, to entertain." The Western Church has always been remarkable for its elasticity, and succeeds in including in its fold individuals who belong to widely different stages in human development. The Carmelite who never sees a dentist or washes her body, who flagellates herself and lives as it were imprisoned in a dark and cold sepulchre, inhabits a different epoch to cultivated scholars like the Abbés Dimnet or Brémond. The Eastern Church is more rigid: it remains Byzantine. Whereas Catholic priests have distinguished themselves as students for instance of astronomy, heredity, and palaeolithic man, the Orthodox Church seems to regard all science with profound distrust. The Trappist and the Carmelite can continue, because they cut off all communication with the outside world, and the unenclosed Catholic orders occupy themselves with good works. But the monks of Athos do no practical good, and at the same time are protected from the world only by their ignorance and the comparative isolation of their mountain. Mr. Choukas gives reasons for believing that contact with the world is now disintegrating these ancient communities.

The monasteries are divided into cenobitic and idiorrhythmic: the latter do not observe the vow of poverty and approximate to those "relaxed" houses which must have been the pleasantest places to live in for quiet persons in the Middle Ages. They recruit their personnel chiefly from those who adapt themselves ill to the competition of the modern world. Here they can sink into a sort of vegetable happiness, which is dignified by neither the mysticism nor the learning which have been the glory of Western monasticism. In the cenobitic monasteries a more rigorous life prevails, and the monks come from those who are genuinely and supremely concerned with their own salvation. But even here there seems to be little of the mystical experience which is the chief reward of the ascetic life: indeed, except for the quietism of the fourteenth century Hesychasts, mysticism seems to have been rare on Mount Athos. Quarrelsomeness, laziness and grave sexual irregularities, on the other hand, have been common among the monks at every period. Mr. Choukas appositely quotes St. Basil, the father of Eastern monasticism: "I have fled from worldly affairs, for they have caused many evils; but I have never been able to leave myself behind me." Unfortunately this book tells us nothing of the isolated hermits who still are to be found on Athos.

The general impression left by this book is excessively unedifying, and Mr. Choukas, though far from brilliant, inspires confidence as a witness. In the past Mount Athos attracted patriots as an oasis of Greek life in a peninsula ruled by Moslems; not only Greeks, but Russians, Roumanians and Bulgarians provided recruits and money. The mountain is now dependent on the Greek Government, and disapproval of its ways seems to be growing in Greece. Mr. Choukas believes that it will not survive for more than one more generation at the longest. But the revival of monasticism in extremely modernised countries like England suggests that for a certain proportion of men and women the ascetic life retains its appeal. Indeed, as the anxieties and distresses of an increasingly unpeaceful world become more pressing, the advantages, even from an irreligious point of view, become more obvious of a life unaffected by unemployment, the Stock Exchange, tyranny and war. If Europe continues its rush down the Gadarene steep, many of us may live to wish ourselves in the tranquillity of contemplative life upon the Holy Mountain.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

WHY THE DON FELL OFF HIS HORSE

Don Quixote: An Introductory Essay in Psychology By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d*

The impossibility, for most English readers, of undertaking *Don Quixote* in the original is more than balanced by the fact that we are free to gobble up the novel without its crust of criticism. No Bradley to master, no examinations to be faced, after three centuries hardly a qualm about its significance or meaning! It remains, apparently, among the simplest of great books, easy to enjoy, with the profundity of a work of art rather than of an enigma. A delightful state of innocence!—and one envies the Spaniard who can approach *Hamlet* in the same way.

But, ignorance apart, it seems to me that Cervantes is not one of those writers whose work makes a good snowball for posterity. *Hamlet* may conceivably gain something from speculation, *Faust* certainly; both figures are self-critical and indicate an attitude which can be extended. But the Don? Surely he is essentially himself. We cannot possibly improve, or even enlarge, *his* attitude; we can only take up an attitude towards him.

Senor Madariaga, who knows as much about Cervantes criticism as he does about *Quixote*, maintains the opposite view. "Don Quixote," he says in one passage of his book, "is greater than when, armed cap-à-pie, he came out of Cervantes' imagination—greater for all the wealth of experience and adventure which he has gone through while riding for three hundred years over the boundless fields of the human spirit." And again, emphatically, "Cervantes did not and could not see Don Quixote in his true greatness—which so far as we are concerned, is the greatness that he has attained to-day." If this is more than tame paradox, if it means anything more than that Cervantes could not foresee the posthumous adventures of his book, it comes pretty near a *reductio ad absurdum*. How would Senor Madariaga define this "greatness" of a work of art, created only in the present? By popularity? *Gulliver's Travels* is popular as a fairy-tale: proof less of Swift's genius than of a general imbecility. By the changing scaffolding of criticism? But critical opinion tends to

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

obscure a book like *Don Quixote* by over-complication as much as the public over-simplifies it. A truer legacy, surely, would be found in its effect on other writers; Flaubert's admiration, for example, issued in *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, and it would be really interesting to trace an affinity which is not immediately obvious; *Tristram Shandy* owes much to the same source, and *Pickwick* (though Dickens probably never read Cervantes) even more. If the greatness of *Don Quixote* is to be determined by creations other than Cervantes' own, it must be by its influence on literature; only in that way, it seems to me, can anything have been *added* to the original.

But for Senor Madariaga the accumulation of theory is now part of the work. His own volume shows some of the merits and defects of that criticism. The interpretation is always lucid, subtle and learned; he writes extremely well on the Chivalry Books, on Cervantes as a critic, on the characters of Quixote and Sancho and their interrelation. "Sancho is, up to a point, a transposition of Don Quixote in a different key"—admirably observed. The portions of the book that hint at symbolism are less impressive; the *idealism* of Don Quixote (that bugbear of most Cervantes criticism) seems to me exaggerated and wrong. As though the knight were not himself fanatical enough in his idealism, he must be idealised in his turn!

> Cervantes realises that laughter cannot be wholehearted when raised at the expense of a noble character, since man's deepest instinct leads him to recognise his own ideal self in all that is noble, and when we laugh at our own selves we can laugh only with "monkey laughter." At times we wish that he had not submitted his hero to certain indignities which the flesh is heir to. And there is even one page which every reader of *Don Quixote* would wish unwritten. . . .

Senor Madariaga is referring to the incident in Part II, chapter 40, when Don Quixote, angry with Sancho for not having flogged himself as an aid to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, steals on him at night with Rosinante's reins in his hands and tries to administer the penance himself. Sancho feeling himself unbuttoned wakes and wrestles with his master, holding him down till he has extorted a promise against future attempts. This passage profoundly shocks Senor Madariaga. Why? He is also disturbed when Don Quixote gets his legs tangled in the stirrups and falls off his horse, bringing the saddle on top of him. "The scene is not inevitable, it is therefore unnecessary—and like all unnecessary evil, it is painful to the mind." But only painful to the mind of a critic who would prefer to see his hero on a rocking-horse! For it is, of course, inevitable, oh quite inevitable, that he should have fallen off with a clatter. Don Quixote after all is a magnificent looney; not even his nobility, so terrifying at times, can alter that.

G. W. STONIER

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Lodgings for Twelve. By H. H. BASHFORD. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

My Thirty Years of Speed. By SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

Broncho Charlie. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

Arctic Trader. By PHILIP H. GODSELL. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

A markedly Victorian vocabulary, together with a tendency to describe small things in a big way—these have become the approved characteristics for fashionable reminiscence. Although Mr. Bashford has engaged himself a little too seriously, perhaps, in hitting off the style of the moment, he has written a delightful book, and if one can accustom oneself to children who, for instance, are never thieves, but always "expert practitioners of petty larceny," and so on, there is small ground for complaint. *Lodgings for Twelve* is chiefly concerned with the struggles of young, impoverished medicos, their evangelical aunts, and their landladies, during the end of the last, and the beginning of the present, century. Amiable portraits, they are plainly taken from the life, and the work is really a large autobiography composed of small biographies.

Thus there were the tea-parties of Mr. Bashford's youth, at one of which a local clergyman sang "a song consisting of the words, 'Sandy, he belongs to the mill, and the mill belongs to Sandy,' whose sufficient point was their repetition until drowned by the laughter and applause of the company." Later, various friends make their appearance, most of them medical students. The Rev. Braybourne, the father of one of these, was agitated by a local production of *The Sign of the Cross*, possibly because of its Papist associations. "'*The Sign of the Cross*,' he contemptuously thundered, and then, after a pregnant pause, 'the Mark of the Beast.'"

The most memorable, possibly, of the author's sketches is that of his Aunt Felicia. In her, one recognises that unmistakable, that spontaneous toughness of being which really does seem to have been more significant of the nineteenth century than our own. Unable to afford a cab from the station when she came to visit, she duly arrived dragging her luggage along the pavement behind her. Some hours afterwards, she was discovered in the bathroom, chuckling at the household bottles. "What on earth," she inquired, "is cascara sagrada?" At the outbreak of war, Aunt Felicia abandoned Norway, and water-colour painting on nothing a year, for a remote port in Scotland: she wished to knit for the troops. A letter was received from her. "We too," she concluded, "have not been without our tragedies, as a young lady walked off the end of the pier on Septuagesima Sunday."

I cannot resist suggesting a theory about such men of action as the writers of the three remaining volumes. It seems that what beguiles them most, if one digs deep enough, is locomotion under difficulties. At bottom, it is less the speed, or usefulness, of the "Bluebird," the broncho, and the precarious canoe that enslaves their owners, than the fact that all these vehicles attempt, continuously, to rid themselves of those controlling them. In Sir Malcolm's fascinating account of the technique of motor racing, nothing is more extraordinary than the way in which cars can become obsolete before they leave the workshop. When Parry Thomas, Segrave and the author were competing, each lived in fear that he would have to scrap the car under construction to begin again with one even more powerful. It is also interesting to observe how, during the course of the book, the cars of one firm hold all the prizes until a new make suddenly sweeps the field: Bugattis became replaced by Alfa-Romeos in the same abrupt way as these, since Sir Malcolm wrote his book, have now given way to Mercedes and Auto-Union. The great difficulty of high-speed driving is that of finding a track long and smooth enough. Experiments in Camarthen, Denmark, and at the Verneuk Pan in South Africa all culminated in a preference for Daytona, but even there the course is often spoiled by wind and tide. Wet sand, small surface irregularities, and sharp shells—all these can be fatal. The author concludes by saying that the "Bluebird" is capable of 300 m.p.h., and that 500 m.p.h. will eventually be accomplished. It is the course, not the car, which must be found.

"Broncho Charlie" began his career breaking horses with the *vaqueros*, the original cowboys, at the age of eight. At eleven, he rode in the famous Pony Express from Missouri, through some half-dozen States, to San Francisco. The mail "had to get through" and seventy miles was often required of him at a stretch: once, at least, he arrived at the next post with Indian arrows still sticking in his body. Among the many excellent stories, two, at least, are of a most unusual kind. These tell of the superstitious awe felt by the Indians for the long fair hair worn by certain of the cowboys. There are some moving words spoken by one of the braves who had killed a fourteen-year-old Express rider, "Braves no could touch scalp of boy with hair like sun and eyes like water. He brave. He go happy hunting ground with his horse." Broncho Charlie was not the only member of the London Wild West Show of 1887 who began as a Pony Express Rider; there were many others, including Buffalo Bill himself. I have often heard from my father, who, being a friend of Cody's, was occasionally allowed to ride in it, that this tumultuous entertainment was one of the most remarkable ever given in England. Unlike subsequent rodeos, each regular performer was a genuine cowboy. The whole book teems with amusing names: "Calamity Jane," one of the most famous of American amazons; "Whiskey-on-the-Flat," a town; "Thunder-rolling-over-the-Mountain," an Indian chief. If the ubiquitous shootings, and drivings of sheep over precipices, tend to alienate the reader of these memoirs, let him reflect that the brutality of men such as Broncho Charlie is preferable to that evident in Europe to-day. It may be that cowboys, and Canadian trappers, are too quick on the draw. But seldom do they truncheon their political enemies slowly to death.

"Arctic Trader" worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, virtual rulers of that part of Canada, and here, too, politics suggest themselves. Nothing could stem the hatred—it runs through every line—of the Hudson's Bay employee, the "Gentleman Adventurer," for the free-lance trapper. Two hundred and fifty years old, the company demanded, and received, the most stagger-

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JOHN LANE
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ing loyalty from its servitors. Indeed, what with the snow, the food, and the general martyrdom of it all, there seems a similarity between what is still, here and there, the Land of the Great Mother (Queen Victoria) and that of Stalin over the way. It is equally a case of mild hysteria and low wages. Mr. Godsell's work brings other parallels to mind. There is a trend, evidently, on the part of both cowboys and trappers to acquire temporary wives from the Indians. Among the ensuing names, Dora Ratfat, Mary Rabbit-Lung, Elsie Lame-Duck, Mrs. Dry Meat, and Helen Snowshoes, more than one, I daresay, would be willing to testify to the alacrity with which the celebrated Colour Bar is lowered whenever white men think they have an excuse. In the main, *Arctic Trader* tells of the privations that face the fur-collector. The ingenuity with which the author contrived to benefit his employers despite unimaginable cold, half-dotty natives, and infuriated Game Wardens makes exciting reading. If the Indians are dying out, and the animals too, no one can deny that he deserved his ultimate post as Inspecting Officer of the Company.

BRIAN HOWARD

WHAT IS CALLED A LIBERAL

Condorcet and the Rise of Liberalism. By J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO. *Harcourt Brace.*

Mr. Schapiro's book is not disfigured by any brilliancy; it is a sober, honest piece of work which was well worth the doing. Everyone at least imagines that he knows something about Voltaire and Rousseau or even Diderot; they have passed through the fine meshes of morality and politics which have been erected at Broadcasting House in order to ensure that the mind and soul of the British Public receive only such nourishment as is good for it. There must, therefore, be tens of thousands of Englishmen who know that these men were "makers of the French Revolution" and could answer intelligently a question about the greatest of the encyclopaedists, even though they have been happily prevented from learning the nature of *Les Bijoux Indiscrets*. But Condorcet is little more than a shadow of a name even to many of the learned. His is a name which perpetually crops up in any book about the Revolution, but there is usually practically nothing attached to it. Mr. Schapiro now attaches all that any reasonable man can require and he has thereby put the serious, if not too advanced, student of the Revolution and of the history of political ideas under an obligation to him.

The best which nowadays anyone can do for what is called a Liberal is to apologise for him. If you do not apologise for him, you ridicule him or starve him or put him in a concentration camp. Condorcet was, according to Mr. Schapiro, what is called a Liberal; he was indeed one of the first of them. Of his life and work and thoughts, Mr. Schapiro gives a clear, straightforward, careful account; his book will probably and deservedly remain for many years the standard work in English on his subject. He is kind and sympathetic to Condorcet and there is every now and then the inevitable note of apology, if not ridicule. Condorcet was, like most of us, in many respects ridiculous; the idea that he was ridiculous and to be apologised for because he was what is called a Liberal is due to an ephemeral prejudice. Among the "makers of the French Revolution" he was not a great man, no doubt; he cannot take his stand by Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau; he was essentially a star of the second magnitude, his luminosity being perhaps even a little less than that of d'Alembert. He was none the less a very remarkable man. He had the almost unique distinction among intelligent men in the France of his time of being happily married. To be happily married in his days was as ridiculous as to be a Liberal in ours, but owing to a change in our manners or conventions, the fact that Condorcet loved his wife and never had a mistress does not make him absurd in Mr. Schapiro's or anyone else's eyes to-day. On the other hand, Condorcet held certain beliefs peculiar to his time which were fundamentally absurd, and being a man of great intellectual power, simplicity, and pedantic honesty, and having no sense of humour, he could not, like a Voltaire or a Diderot, conceal their and his essential absurdity from posterity. Every age has some beliefs and is sensitive to certain emotions which make it quite rightly appear ridiculous to posterity. Some of those in our own age which might raise a smile among our descendants may be learnt from reading the column in this paper entitled "This England," and there are probably others which a still more acute reader might discover in the leading article or even this review. The *philosophies* of eighteenth century France

had a ridiculous idea about what they called natural law, and around this product of their imagination there formed in their minds an aureole of rather absurd, if generous, emotions. Condorcet was so honest and simple a man that even in 1792 in the Convention he expected men like Danton, Marat, and Robespierre to listen to the voice not only of natural law but of reason and humanity.

Condorcet, as Mr. Schapiro shows, failed as a revolutionary and was ridiculous in the Convention. He explains this failure by saying that he was "a true Liberal." But this kind of explanation by labelling conceals more truth than it reveals. Condorcet was what is now called a Liberal, but he was not a Liberal at all. He was a *philosophe* of eighteenth-century France, a humane and civilised man of great intellectual integrity and political foresight. That was why he saw farther into the nineteenth century than perhaps any of his greater or lesser contemporaries and urged upon revolutionary France many of the ideas and measures which Liberals in the late nineteenth century adopted or pretended to adopt as the fundamentals of their political creed. He failed not because he was a Liberal or did not understand the psychology of Danton and Marat, but because he stood firm for justice and humanity at a moment when other people stood for cutting off other people's heads. In other words, Condorcet remained to the end a civilised man. He was not a Liberal. In eighteenth century France a civilised man was a *philosophe*; in 1880 he was a Liberal; in 1920 he was a Socialist. In eighteenth-century France Condorcet was a *philosophe*; in 1880 he would have been a Liberal; in 1920 he would have been a Socialist. No wonder he seems ridiculous.

LEONARD WOOLF

HAVANA TO SHIRAZ

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That Blue Danube. By JOHN D. E. EVANS. *Denis Archer.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Persia. By O. A. MERRITT-HAWKES. *Nicholson and Watson.* 18*s.*

White Sails Crowding. By Commander C. M. BUTLIN. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Belgium on Ten Pounds. By SYDNEY H. CLARK. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5*s.*

So You're Going to the Mediterranean. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Until 1933, when newspapers began printing stories about the disgustingly brutal dictatorship of President Machado, the popular conception of Cuba was in terms of musical comedy, and the only Cubans with claims to international fame were Capablanca and Kid Chocolate. Mr. Strode's book, which is a species of general introduction to Cuban history, makes it clear that the island glamour was never, even during the most prosperous periods of the various sugar booms, much more than skin deep. For, with the possible exception of Haiti, Cuba has the bloodiest history of any island in the West Indies.

Spanish colonisation, which wiped out the native Carib population in less than a hundred years; a chaotic period during the seventeenth century; the development of an insular nationality; a century of comparative domestic tranquillity under the rule of Spanish Governors, some of whom, notably Tacon, were humane and democratic, but many of whom were monsters; a period of revolt against Spain culminating in the Spanish-American War which led to the dictatorship of American business interests instead of freedom—this, punctuated by negro slave revolts and raids from pirates, was the course of Cuban history.

Mr. Strode devotes scarcely a third of his book to the 400 years preceding the Spanish-American War. He is mainly concerned with personalities and romantic anecdotes, and this section is necessarily superficial. His critical account of American imperialist policy, however, and of the wave of press-fanned Wall Street-backed jingoism which insisted on war with Spain at a moment when Cuba seemed capable of solving her own problems, is admirably clear, and includes an effective debunking of the infantile antics of Roosevelt and his Rough Riders.

After the war, the internal political upheavals are so numerous as to be confusing, but the American policy of backing whichever Cuban faction seemed likely to further the supremacy of U.S. financial interests was brutally simple. The decline of the sugar boom, which reached its peak in 1920, meant that American capitalists could no longer rely on the frivolously corrupt type of

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Cuban politician to "protect their interests." A gangster was needed.

The fiendish atrocities of Machado's regime are well known. Mr. Strode gives a vivid account of them and implies that it is significant that no American influence was brought to bear against the tyranny until Roosevelt came into power, recalled Guggenheim and appointed Welles as Ambassador to Cuba. He praises Welles because only three months after his arrival the Cubans expelled Machado, and suggests that in the rôle of mediator Welles was really planning to rid the island of Machado. This is no doubt true, but it is difficult not to assume that the ambassador's most important task was to save American business interests from the threatened vengeance which their support of Machado had earned them.

Mr. Strode's naive conclusion is that the present Social-democratic President Mendista, supported by the army under General (ex-sergeant) Batista, is engaged, in co-operation with U.S.A., in providing a new deal for Cuba. He expresses a pious hope that revolutionaries will not be so selfish as to revolt, and makes some misleading statements about revolutionary tactics in general.

Mr. Evans's book belies its title. *That Blue Danube* suggests a travel book, but is, in fact, a well informed political survey of the main aspects of the problem created by Hungary's discontent with her present frontiers. Professor Seton Watson provides an introduction. Mr. Evans opens with an interesting and enlightening summary of Hungarian history since 1914 which includes some appalling details of the atrocities committed during the White Terror under Admiral Horthy. (Soon after these events Lord Rothermere began asking us to raise our hats to Hungary.) Mr. Evans is an expert who has made a special study of his subject. His book not only makes clear the confusing racial and geographical situation with regard to the question of frontier revision, and outlines the conditions of Magyar minorities outside Hungary; it is also a severe criticism of the oppressive rule of the Magyar aristocracy, a rule which has caused a number of Hungarian political leaders to say that the Hungarian peasants of Hungary would be pleased to enjoy the same rights as the Hungarian peasants of Czechoslovakia.

Mrs. Merritt-Hawkes writes or rather chats about her experiences in Persia. Her book is really a collection of travel sketches, but she travelled widely over the country—from Bushire to Tehran by way of Shiraz, Persepolis, Isfahan and Kum—and she provides a great deal of interesting information. She is delighted with nearly all kinds of Persians, and from time to time exhibits an alarming tendency to rave about the romantic fascinations of the Orient, but her senses of humour and smell generally come to her rescue. She is distressed by the hideous effects of Westernisation on the native art and general appearance of the country, but remains good-naturedly, if superficially, optimistic. She says very little about oil, and readers who like a spice of scandal about iniquitous intrigues either on behalf of, or against, British oil interests will be disappointed.

Books about sailing round the world in sailing ships keep on being published. Commander Butlin's, which describes a voyage from Australia to Falmouth round Cape Horn, is a very fair average specimen—straightforward, rather undistinguished writing, personal anecdotes, and some really beautiful photographs.

The two guide books, *Belgium on Ten Pounds* and *So You're Going to the Mediterranean*, are also average specimens. Mr. Clark has conscientiously worked out a programme which enables you to see as much as possible in the shortest possible time; he confesses with some mortification that he has never been inside a Brussels night club. I suggest that if there is a second edition he includes a short appendix for the mild débauchee. Mrs. Laughlin adds another to her popular series of guide books for serious-minded Americans. The Mediterranean is a considerable area to cover in one volume, but she tackles it with determination. The last time I saw one of her books it was in the hands of a young lady from Texas who announced that she was having "a gorgeous jaunt of joy and culture."

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Morning Post.

CHAPMAN & HALL

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR . . .

Hollywood by Starlight. By R. J. MINNEY. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. R. J. Minney, part author of a successful but unsatisfactory play, *Clive of India*, and of the inferior film of the same name, has now collected his impressions of Hollywood in a bright and amusing little book which will make excellent summer reading and should remain the best *exposé* of the subject for some time. Swiftly and graphically written, as it should be, *Hollywood by Starlight* is informative as well as funny; fantastic as any fairy-tale, it rings true. Reading it, one is appalled and convinced at the same time, for Mr. Minney is refreshingly frank in his criticisms of the place, a mad nursery, and its inhabitants, strangely sophisticated children of nature, while somehow conveying, without undue analysis, its attractions as an earthly paradise forced up in a desert, and the engaging qualities of film-stars and even film magnates.

"A cathedral town without a cathedral," Harleywood, as its inmates pronounce it, is "in acreage the largest city in the world—about 80 miles long by 43 miles wide" and "in spirit a quiet, sleepy country town." It has three flourishing industries: oil, oranges, and the films; and a profitable sideline, breach of promise. It is ramshackle and palatial, insect-ridden and infinitely hygienic; in fact, like most places the observant tourist visits, a collection of contrasts. Enormous fortunes are made, often by methods even more dishonest than elsewhere, by the very poor, and those who have nothing but hopes of a "jarb" gradually lose even that which they have.

The cost of living is abnormally low; the moral tone, in this hard-working community, a switchback between official prudery and light-hearted licence, for the stars thirst after publicity and dread scandal. The flowers here are without scent, the birds without song; culture is synthetic too; and in this capital of the world's glorified womanhood, the choicest beauties are seldom seen—because their cars break all the speed-limits and the studios, lavishly organised, are heavily barricaded, while their elaborate Spanish homes (evidently the redeeming architectural feature) are padlocked and kidnap-proof. The catalogue of exhibits in this sunny Chamber of Horrors includes Aimée McPherson's theatre-temple cum wireless station, Sid Grauman's funereal-fantastic Chinese movie-pagoda, accommodating law-courts and blocks of "apts.," all-in wrestling, and the victorious vulgarities of Samuel Goldwyn. We catch a glimpse of the only genuine

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John Murray

genius of the place, Charles Chaplin, as a travelling music-hall actor in the early days of the films, declining an invitation to visit a studio because he "wasn't interested," and of Mae West, "a kindly, quiet woman (the sort of person you would expect to meet at the vicarage), accompanied by her lawyer in case anyone should make a jest about her within hearing."

Mr. Minney's book teems with anecdotes, most of them as new as his spelling of certain famous names and his assertion that George Colman, Ronald's ancestor, gave Dr. Pangloss to the world. It is so complete a survey of a disordered yet attractive scene that, having read it, the film-fan of any intelligence will never want to read another, yet may wish to visit Hollywood to see these mad marvels for himself. JOHN MARKS

A SUMMER SEPTET

Cottage Angles. By NORAH JAMES. *Dent.* 5s.

Country Men. By JOHN MOORE. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

The Country Cousin's Guide to London. By C. WHITAKER-WILSON. *Methuen.* 5s.

Scotland on Ten Pounds. By SYDNEY A. CLARK. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5s.

Walking in the Grampians. By CHARLES PLUMB. *MacLehose.* 7s. 6d.

The Dorset Landscape. By W. HARDING THOMPSON and GEOFFREY CLARK. *Black.* 5s.

The Sussex Landscape. By W. HARDING THOMPSON and GEOFFREY CLARK. *Black.* 5s.

Readers of Mr. Beverley Nichols will enjoy *Cottage Angles:* to me the wood engravings by Miss Raverat are the chief attraction. Miss Raverat is one of the best of modern illustrators: there is a fine tenuous quality to her engravings in which, without any sacrifice of depth of composition, the essential nature of the medium is never lost. Her cuts could never be confused with scraper-board work. Her graver, indeed, does more honour to Bewick than do the reproductions of his own vignettes in *Country Men* which look as though they had been taken from very worn prints from his original blocks. Mr. Moore uses them to deck a dozen essays upon men notable in their association with the English countryside. He ranges from Borrow to John Masefield and back to Cobbett by way of Hudson and Siegfried Sassoon. He writes without profundity but amiably; prefers the England of Lionel Edwards and Munnings to that of Rowlandson. There are some pleasant things he recalls from the past. I liked particularly Captain Richard Franck, the Puritan salmon fisher who held a fine scorn for Izaak Walton and his "indigested octavo." But a few of Mr. Moore's own notions are undigested—why, for example, does he give the Scottish Highlands as a literary preserve to John Buchan?

Cottage Angles and *Country Men* are reading matter of the kind known by the great school of blurb-writers as "for the leisure hour." Both authors know what they are about and serve their public well with this year's summer seasoning to the more specialised fare of the guide-book. The other five books are all guide-books: four of them show the country to the townsman, and the fifth the town to the countryman. Mr. Whitaker-Wilson's book is admirably illustrated with aerial photographs, faced by transparencies printed in red, with the names of the principal buildings and streets—most Londoners could gain in knowledge of their bearings from these photographs. The text is simple and tells the complete stranger how to make best use of the bus and underground system, what to look for, and whether to approve or disapprove. *The Country Cousin's Guide to London* is a well-advised title seeing that "country cousin" implies a certain level of simplicity; one can imagine persons from the country for whom Mr. Whitaker-Wilson would be too ingenuous, and, certainly, there will be many unable to share the illusion he endeavours to create by which the visitor to Regent's Park is to imagine that "there is nothing but deep country for miles. Not a sound except country sounds." But if the country cousin will make allowances for the Londoner's simplicity he should find this book very useful.

The author of *Scotland on Ten Pounds* assures you that "Scotland is not expensive. You can see everything that counts for ten pounds." And here he pots that ten pound's worth of Scotland and offers you the jar, neatly wrapped in brown paper, for five bob. It is a tartan essence, highly simplified, a piece of book-jobbing of the type that interminably perpetuates all the worst balderdash. I have never been able to fathom the mind of the man who must consistently write of "Bobbie Burns" (or, likewise, "Bill Shakespeare"), except that that is invariably evidence that the appellant has no other familiarity with his victim. Mr. Clark, after his ten-pound course of high-speed investigation, trots out the complete lay figure of the Burns of the Victorian Romantics: the drinking, wenching, quasi-pathetic peasant, a homily in homespun: a fictitious figure owing everything to the hypocrisy of his fans. I recommend Mr. Clark to read Professor Fergusson's edition of the Letters. The rest of his book is of a piece. If he even read the guide-book with more care he would know that the old Edinburgh caddies were not "youngsters."

Mr. Plumb is another Englishman who writes of Scotland, and Mr. Clark's shame is redeemed by the excellence of *Walking in the Grampians*. Mr. Plumb is incapable of lapsing into those frightful scenic disquisitions that are so notably part of the kit of the hill-climber improper. His appreciation is genuine and direct, owing nothing to literary traditions: he goes out in all weathers: he does not patronise the Scot: he knows his subject. The book serves as the perfect guide to the Grampians and even those who have never seen those hills should enjoy it. Not only can Mr. Plumb write of the hills without sentimentality or clap-trap, but also of such abused topics as the pipes, whisky, and the kilt. Most of the really beautiful photographs illustrating *Walking in the Grampians* are the work of Mr. Robert Adam, who is probably the finest photographer of landscape in Britain to-day. I hope that some day Mr. Adam will publish a volume of large-scale reproductions of his work. Between them, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Adam have produced an unusually good book.

The two authors who have collaborated over *The Dorset Landscape* and *The Sussex Landscape* have produced the most practical little country guides. Short, and primarily for the tourist, they are none the less extremely comprehensive. Each volume has a folding map printed in colour and designed on an original plan, providing the quickest possible guide to all places of interest. The authors have not always the literary restraint of Mr. Plumb, but within their limits their books are excellent, and, at their low price, merit a wide circulation in their respective counties. GEORGE SCOTT MONCRIEFF

You Can't Have It

both ways. Either you must know what you are talking about or you must keep quiet. Life moves too quickly for you if you don't know anything about the realities of the economic force which impels you; and in that case you probably become a nice, kind pacifist who loses his temper at meetings in the Friends' House. Which is pretty dull for everyone. But here we are, publishing a new and complete edition of R. P. Palme Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution*; and that means that you can, for the sum of half a crown, buy a map of the road along which the world is travelling. And a pretty rough road it is. At five shillings we sold nearly 10,000 copies of this scrupulously documented *exposé* of modern Capitalism. That seems to have exhausted the number of intelligent people with five shillings to spend. So now we turn to you who, may be, would have liked to read this book but who felt that the price was too high. Our new edition (but don't tell the others) contains even more for half a crown than the more expensive editions did. Dutt has written a long new preface, which brings the whole up to date. If your future and that of your children is a matter of indifference to you, don't bother to buy a copy—although you'll find as much excitement here as you would in an early Tweedsmuir: but if, on the contrary, it matters desperately to you that, one by one, your liberties are being filched away, you might do worse than read this story of Capitalism in decay as told by Capitalist leaders. It's all one to us: history won't stop because you prefer to spend your money on a Test Match or a spinning top. By the way, the jacket of this new edition (which is yellow) is covered with quotations from reviewers. But don't think we bribe them or anything like that: we leave the simpletons and the envious to think that up.

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—MARTIN MOORE (*D. Telegraph*)

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The Mystery of the Golden Wings. By ROSA and DUDLEY LAMBERT. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.

Hendon's First Case. By JOHN RHODE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Wheels in the Forest. By JOHN NEWTON CHANCE. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Three Witnesses. By SYDNEY FOWLER. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.

The Capsule Mystery. By E. CHARLES VIVIAN. *Ward Lock.* 3s. 6d.

Death as an Extra. By VAL GIELGUD and HOLT MARVELL. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

Head of a Girl. By EIMAR O'DUFFY. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7s. 6d.

When Mr. Wills Crofts sends Inspector French to Guildford to investigate a crime in which all the directors of a City firm seem to be involved everyone can feel thoroughly at home. It is as if we were taking a seat to watch Surrey *v.* Kent at the Oval—with the added satisfaction of knowing that French's slow leg-breaks will bowl out all the opposition and assure the triumph of the home team just before close of play. Yet it is really hardly fair at this time of day to put up a team of City men to bat against French on the Guildford pitch. He knows that wicket far too well; and since his astonishing performance in *The Pit Prop Syndicate* (was it ten years ago?) no City team has been able to face his lobs with equanimity. Chapter V in *Crime at Guildford* is specially headed "Enter Routine." But there is no chapter in any of Mr. Wills Crofts' books into which routine does not enter. Inspector French's technique is always the mechanical one of painstaking elimination. That is why we so often meet the City firm, which supplies character after character to be dogged home from the office, questioned, cross-questioned, checked up on—and eliminated. What remains in the sump after all the facts have been filtered must be the criminal, by process of exclusion. This technique tends to produce dramatic anti-climax, because as the material is gradually thinned down, so the residual object at the bottom takes its final shape, and the reader, if he cares to make the effort, can always be a jump ahead of the Inspector in fitting the handcuffs. Mr. Wills Crofts supplements French's eliminating process in his latest book with a couple of bright ideas for the criminal. The one not referred to in the preface is extremely baffling at first sight, not only to the Inspector, but also to the reader, and until I reached the masterly recapitulation of the crime I was not sure whether even Mr. Wills Crofts would make a job of it, so terrible were the complications it involved. Tucking in the loose ends so often leads to some of the earlier knots going adrift. There is just one untidy point that I boggle at. Pernickety readers may not quite like pages 116 and 117 when they reach page 313. But all the same I must congratulate and thank Mr. Crofts for all that he does for us in *Crime at Guildford*.

Hendon's First Case makes a suitable companion to *Crime at Guildford*. Mr. Rhode's Superintendent Haslet must be a blood relation of Inspector French, and the introduction of a junior detective, Jimmie Waghorn of Cambridge and Hendon, has not altered the style of his Superintendent in any way. A research chemist dies most conveniently of ptomaine poisoning. There is no question of the convenience or the ptomaine, yet the calf's head to which the poisoning is traced proves to have impeccable credentials. However, Professor Priestley gets over that little difficulty for us, and Jimmie Waghorn does the donkey work of sifting the beneficiaries of the chemist's death until the murderer is uncovered. Mr. Rhode has added another satisfactory but undistinguished volume to his shelf.

It makes a change to find a detective story with a real clue. I was so unprepared for clues in *The Mystery of the Golden Wings* that I passed this one by with just a faint uneasiness that I could not specify. So I thoroughly deserved to be mystified by Mr. and Mrs. Lambert and their Welsh detective. Glyn Morgan, the Welshman, is a welcome survival from the Sherlock Holmes' age, a detective who spots his man at the outset from some trivial inconsistency of conduct and spends the remainder of his time collecting enough evidence to convict, while Dr. Watson and the rest of the pack come toiling in the rear. The plot concerns the death of an over-excited young lady at the Golden Wings Flying Club on gala night. She took a drop of cyanide to wind the evening up, and left a suicide note. Quite a modern crime solved in a sound, old-fashioned way.

Wheels in the Forest and *Three Witnesses* are hybrids between detective novels and thrillers. The problem in both is *how* the crime was brought off, and not who is the criminal. Gollancz books are so well printed that instinctively one expects their contents to be on an equally high level. Perhaps that accounts for my disappointment in Mr. Chance's book. A girl in the family way is found dead by the roadside in the New Forest at 11.18 p.m. by one of the many motorists who buzz through Mr. Chance's pages. As the gentleman responsible for her primary condition has had the sense to knock down a clock fourteen miles away at 11.19, and the body certainly was not *in situ* at 11.10, how on earth did she manage to die at such an inconsiderate time for Superintendent Black? Anyone who enjoys the smell of exhausts in country lanes, and has patience to wade through many psychological soliloquies, will find that there is an answer, if not a very good one. The main idea in *Three Witnesses* is admirable. Three members of the staff of Truscott and Rowton, Hydraulic Engineers, are ready to testify that Roger Truscott rushed out of the room after his brother Cyril an instant before a shot was heard and Cyril was found dead with a bullet in his back. But as Roger is making advances to a charming girl, and furthermore is affectionately exonerated by the author's use of his Christian name, we must look elsewhere for the murderer. And we have not far to look! The author is too kind to everyone, even the reader; that is the whole trouble with *Three Witnesses*.

The joint authors of *Death at Broadcasting House* have followed up their success on the legitimate stage with a gangster thriller in *Death as an Extra*. On the screen these fantastic American toughs shooting up London may come to spurious life, but they cut no ice in print. I advise everyone to wait for the film which will probably be produced at Elstree. *Head of a Girl* is another ingenuous thriller, describing how the villain who kidnaps the Home Secretary and terrorises the Cabinet is foiled by a nice, intelligent girl.

The trial of Hector Aland for a crime he obviously never committed occupies such a large proportion of *The Capsule Mystery* that it invests with tedium the true solution of the death from cyanide of Aland's mistress in a Bond Street beauty parlour. Gamma plus must be its appropriate award. RALPH PARTRIDGE

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LEOPARDI

Leopardi. By IRIS ORIGO. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

Every visitor to a small Italian town, wandering along its cool and shadowy side-streets, with their peculiar pungent aroma which seems to be compounded of the dregs of sour wine, parmesan cheese, vegetables and the smell of decaying masonry, must have stared up at the tall buildings that lined his path, examined some mouldering escutcheon, peered through a massive *porte cochère* into the dusty sunlit courtyard that lay beyond, then speculated, perhaps, as to the life led by the family of provincial noblemen, pious, poor, ignorant and extremely proud, still domiciled behind the shuttered severity of that palace front. It was in such a family, such a palace and such a town, that Giacomo Leopardi was born, to supply the Romantic Movement with one of its most harmonious and melancholy voices. True, the Palazzo Leopardi —a dignified red-brick edifice—commands a small square and looks out over the roofs of Recanati to the distant blue dome of the church of Loreto; but Recanati itself, lost in the Marches, can never have been a particularly cheerful place, and the Leopardis were far from cheerful people.

The old Count was a harmless character enough. He had a large library, which he dedicated to the use of the citizens of Recanati, but the Countess—Giacomo's mother—was a matriarchal tyrant of the most oppressive and uncompromising kind. The Brontë children themselves enjoyed a life of ease and pagan simplicity if we compare their experiences with those of little Giacomo Leopardi and his sister, Paolina. From their earliest days, they had learnt that humanity was evil, beauty a delusion, the world an unrelieved prospect of suffering and sin. "When, as several times happened, she seemed likely to lose an infant child," the Countess (wrote her son) "did not actually pray to God that it should die, since that is forbidden by our religion, but she did in fact rejoice. She was indeed scrupulous in her care of the poor sufferer, but even so she hoped at the bottom of her heart that her care would be of no avail. . . . She considered beauty a true misfortune, and, seeing her children ugly or deformed, gave thanks to God." It is not surprising that Giacomo should have grown up into a plain, sickly, nervous, hunch-backed young man—a poet in threadbare clerical weeds—and that he should have been abnormally sensitive to the beauty of the flesh in others.

Though the Marchesa Origo's book is not entirely satisfying as a study of a great poet—she explains in her foreword that she has not attempted any analysis of his literary contribution—it contains a brilliant account of that early upbringing in which the pessimism that overshadowed his entire life was firmly rooted. She describes the cloistral atmosphere of the little town, where, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Leopardi was a child, no less than forty *palazzi* were inhabited by provincial noble families. "Every family, like Jane Austen's gentry, 'kept a carriage'; each one gave formal entertainments several times a year; each one prided itself on its box at the theatre, on its footmen in liveries, and on being able to afford the maintenance of at least one priest in the house, as preceptor to the children."

Against this environment, Giacomo and his sister both rebelled. To solace himself for his sense of weakness and ugliness, Giacomo took refuge in his father's library, there "in the midst of his nineteenth century" to acquire "all the enthusiasm and tastes of a scholar of the sixteenth." There, among a huge accumulation of volumes rescued by his father from bookstalls at country fairs and from the suppressed monasteries of the Marches, he "commented, corrected, dissertated, investigated, translated, imitated" —all between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, winter or summer, early or late, enriching his mind almost as rapidly as he ruined his health.

No doubt he would have been happier in a monastic foundation; but intertwined with his worship of knowledge was an exquisite appreciation of the happiness from which he himself was for ever debarred. He was obsessed by the idea of human love; and it was not long before the first of a series of ideal mistresses—women whom he hardly dared to approach, to whom he never ventured to explain the depth of his feelings—made her appearance in the voluptuous and vivacious person of the Contessa Lazzari. A shawled provincial lady steps out of the carriage that has brought her all the way from Pesaro. She is accompanied by her little girl, and by her husband, a fat phlegmatic elderly man. There is a welcome, effusive greetings. . . . But behind the family party

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lurks the dark stooping figure of "the timid, serious, deformed little priest," who bends to kiss her hand and, then and there, sets to work laying the foundations of an absorbing, unexpressed and intensely romantic love.

Needless to add, their encounter had no sequel. Romantic and post-Romantic literature provides many examples of that distant, resigned, hopeless, half-ethereal love to which Leopardi was so painfully addicted. We have Gérard de Nerval, pursuing the phantom of Jenny Colon, a little actress who laughed at him and eventually married the *jeune premier ridé*, and Baudelaire himself throwing a veil of ethereal sentiment over the plump and undeserving shoulders of Madame Sabatier; but never has the gulf between passion and its object—between the real object and the object that we create—been represented in a more striking and pathetic form. Neither from the Contessa Lazzari, nor from the pretty middle-class coquette by whom she was succeeded, did Leopardi receive the slightest shade of encouragement or the faintest glimmer of that radiant emotional satisfaction for which he had always longed. Love continued to turn him its darkest side. The pains of love he tasted to the full; but its pleasures were perpetually denied him; and with his worship of beauty was soon coupled a desire for death. He talked of death, wrote of death, awaited its coming, with an anxiety that even Romanticism might find excessive.

From the gloomy but extremely interesting story of Leopardi's personal life, the Marchesa Origo has constructed a brief but vivid and remarkably readable book. Mr. George Santayana has contributed a foreword in which he speaks of "the poignant accent, the divine elation of this poet," whose afflatus is intellectual, the music of whose verses "a flood of thoughts." As I have already suggested, the literary aspect of the biography is not its strongest claim to our admiration; for narrative, rather than criticism, suits the authoress best. Well written, nicely balanced, carefully documented, here is a volume that should be reprinted in a cheap edition.

PETER QUENNELL

ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM

After All. The Memoirs of Elsie de Wolfe. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When old ladies write their memoirs, the result is usually fascinating. There is not only a fragrance from a past which has fallen to dust, but a curious wisdom and often a gift for the happy turning of a phrase. Even when the authors are not intelligent such books frequently reveal surprising energy of character, obtained by freedom from the constraint which men acquire from having to work with other people. (The memoirs of Walburga Lady Paget, for instance, provided one of the most remarkable self-portraits ever made.) The interest of Miss Elsie de Wolfe's memoirs is rather different. She is obviously a woman of great energy and courage, and she won the *croix de guerre* for bravery in fire. She has known many prominent persons, but she has nothing of interest to say about them, and, though she tells us her tastes, we catch only the vaguest notion of her character. Perhaps I should explain that she is an American lady, who, after some success as an actress, set up as a pioneer of "interior decoration" and became famous by arranging homes for millionaires. In New York and even in Paris she became a popular figure in American and cosmopolitan society, and her book has a sociological interest as an account of the values which prevail in the most frequently photographed section of the fashionable world. Its quality can best be given by a few quotations.

> One of the most attractive matrons who easily mastered the exact technique of the tango was Mrs. George Gould (Edith Kingdon). One afternoon I remember her, with her exquisite face and her finely rounded figure, as she danced the tango in a black velvet dress. She was so youthful that a woman standing near me asked: "who is that lovely young creature?" "That," said I, "is Mrs. George Gould, the grandmother of the Honourable Aileen, daughter of Lord and Lady Decies." "That girl a grandmother? Impossible!" was the astonished response.

This type of reminiscence goes on for page after page, for the social and financial lives of Miss de Wolfe overlapped. On one occasion she had to sue the husband of a client who refused to pay her bill. The opposing counsel shouted "Seven thousand dollars for a bed! Tell us about it, Miss de Wolfe!"

> I explained to him that Mrs. McLean had said that she wanted the most beautiful bed in the world. "I told her that was impossible," I went on, "as Mrs. Henry Frick had already paid ten thousand

Extremists

In our journeyings to and from Newgate Stréet we rarely pass a tailor's window without at least a glance, but the other morning we were pulled up abruptly by the sight of a window-full of men's clothes, accompanied by some truly remarkable notices. Who could resist the desperate appeal of:

"*They are chucking us out—We can't pay the rent—Everything must go—GRAB YOUR BARGAIN!*"

followed by:

"*We have taken HALF the rent—Help us to take the OTHER HALF.*"

In the doorway was the bald statement:

"*WE MUST HAVE CASH!*"

The prices of the goods in the window completely annihilated what remained of our morale. Black striped trousers at "One Shilling per leg." Sports Jackets for 6*s.* 6*d.*, Grey Flannels 3*s.* 6*d.*, Lounge Suits or Spring Overcoats for 15*s.* each!

Covering the upper part of the building was a large poster, declaring that this was a

"*FIRE SALVAGE SALE—by order of the Fire Assessors—£5,000 Stock.*"

Dejectedly we went our way, calculating how many trousers at a shilling a leg would go into £5,000 and thinking what public benefactors Fire Assessors must be!

* * *

The claims of tailors read much alike to us. Fifty-Shillings seems to say much the same as Two-Hundred-and Fifty, and when tailors feel that they are above spending money on advertising, they charge anything from fourteen to twenty guineas for a suit! Between the two extremes stands Goss tailoring, amplifying the kindly recommendations of its customers with a little publicity and paying fair wages to its sewing tailors. The Goss brothers (assisted by Mr. Whitehouse) do all measuring, cutting and fitting personally. Only the best materials are used, including the all-important "unseen" materials which go to make a suit.

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dollars for what I considered the most beautiful bed in the world, but I did find and deliver to Mrs. McLean what I thought was the next best bed."

There is something awe-inspiring in the spectacle of a leisured class so pitifully without taste that they have to employ people to choose their curtains for them, and so ashamed of the world on which they are parasites that they must live surrounded only with the products of the past. Miss de Wolfe, profiting by this state of mind, accumulated a fortune. Of one of the houses which she designed she says :

> Once I had inspired confidence no limitations were put upon expenditure. The winter garden, in the centre of the house, is to my mind the perfection of beauty. I worked over it for three years, and have never repeated any of its individual features. I do not feel I could do anything better to-day.

She lived through one of the most lively periods in the history of French Art, apparently without noticing the fact. The only living painter she mentions is Drian, whom she chose to paint a fresco in her Versailles house ; and in her Paris apartment every antique piece, she tells us, " has been chosen for its beauty and its value." But do not imagine that she cannot, when she likes, be " modern."

> Moonshine and glamour, white orchids and rock crystals, silver tissue and white furs, reflected in many mirrors, that is my bathroom, believe it or not. . . . The facets (*sic*) are heads of swans. The bath is set in a niche of mirror columns and there is an engraved mirror screen which conceals the ugly necessities. A long, low couch covered in zebra skin runs along one side of the room. The carpet is of white velvet. The electric lights are in mother-of-pearl, in a design of oyster shells. The curtains are of silver tissue and there are always white flowers ; sometimes great sprays of white orchids poised like a mass of butterflies across the mirrored niche ; the first lilies of spring with the intoxication of their perfume—tube roses in the autumn, and just for a tiny space of time, the black fleur-de-lis—such a wicked flower but so entrancing. I have got to know the seasons of the year and mark their flight by the flowers.

This confession of a nature-lover is first-rate fun, but it is also significant that the writer has been accepted by some of the richest people in the world as an arbiter of taste.

Miss de Wolfe has advice to give us about ourselves as well as about our houses. We can, it is true, follow her example by going to the dentist and seeing that our bowels work regularly, but sometimes her advice is rather difficult to carry out.

> Another essential and a real asset in retaining the spirit of youth is the necessity of being well dressed. . . . I spend at least an hour every morning at my dressing table. I treat my face as if it were a canvas, and I treat it with respect. I cream it and pat it with skin food and muscle oil. My cosmetics are specially adapted to my colouring and to bring out my best features whilst subduing the worst ones. I take fifteen minutes to brush my eye-brows into line and as many again to turn up my eye-lashes in the way they should go. For lipstick I use a pencil, and I draw in my mouth as carefully as a painter who is working at a portrait. I use an entirely different make-up for day than I do for night.

Miss de Wolfe's grammar and her spelling are somewhat individual ; and this book, written after so long and so prominent a career, seems untrammelled by any smattering of culture. In any previous period such a career would have been as improbable as such a bathroom. As propaganda for the social revolution this book should be invaluable, and it may have a permanent interest to the historians of our decay. ROGER MARVELL

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The letters to Mrs. Cheston Bennett in this volume cover the last eight years of Bennett's life. A spontaneous expression of affection for her seems to have been beyond his power, and he ends his letters with painfully laboured effusiveness : " And now I become an apostrophe surrounding thee, a tonic, a rock, for thee, yes," and " My sweetest child, I attend with impatience to-morrow's eventide." He was not really at home with " Hughie " and " Tottie " and " Max " and the other dining and yachting companions of his last years, but as he would have been still more unhappy had he returned to his native place, there was nothing for it but to sustain the character of a " card " by day, and try to get what sleep he could at night. " Insomnia," he says in one of these letters, " is a *great* curse, and I have lived under it for 35 years now." The tragedy of his life was that he could not harmonise his instincts and his desires. Essentially sincere, honest and affectionate, he was driven into one false position after another by his obstinate resolve to prove that a provincial with no natural qualifications for the part could turn himself into a finished man of the world. As a means to this end, money became an obsession with him. " Max," he writes from Lord Beaverbrook's

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yacht, " is worth 5 millions. His younger brother . . . is worth £750,000 . . . V. M. came into half a million from her deceased spouse, Lady Louis Mountbatten is said by Max to have an income of £80,000 a year, Jean Norton is not rich. And I doubt if Captain W. earns more than £2,000 a year. Then there is poor me."

A father for the first time at sixty, he felt that here again he had failed to exemplify the sense of responsibility he was always preaching: " What disturbs me is the extreme difficulty of the father, who will be in his 60th year, doing his full duty by the child. When that child is ten I shall be seventy. . . . The economic aspect also troubles me. You see, the bulk of my possessions, under our separation deed, goes to my wife, and nothing can alter this." His unhappiness during the few years left to him grew rapidly, and as he lay dying, Mrs. Cheston Bennett tells us, he clasped her wrist and twice repeated in his weakened voice: " Everything's going *wrong*, my girl." It was such a deathbed as he had often imagined in his novels, but more poignant, for he had never been able to give to any of his characters the tenderness embedded in the depths of his nature.

HUGH KINGSMILL

SHORTER NOTICES

H. M. Stanley. By FRANK HIRD. *Stanley Paul.* 18*s.*

It is surprising that no full biography of H. M. Stanley should have been written in the thirty years since his death. He was an unwanted Welsh child named John Rowlands, and spent his childhood in the St. Asaph workhouse. Running away to America at seventeen, he was adopted by a benevolent business-man of New Orleans, whose name he took; but the Civil War prevented him from getting any particular advantage out of what seemed to be a piece of unusual good fortune. He fought in both American armies, became a reporter, and made his reputation as a war correspondent for the *New York Herald* in the Abyssinia campaign of 1868. James Gordon Bennett, the owner of that paper, set him to find Livingstone, at that time a peerless hero of the British and American peoples. Having accomplished this famous feat, Stanley found himself in 1872 the centre of a violent storm in England. He was insulted by the geographers and abused in the papers, this hostility being largely due to the Victorian dislike of the Americans and their press. The whole of his later life was coloured by the memory of the treatment he received at a time when he believed himself to deserve the highest praise. He was not a born explorer, but under the spell of Livingstone felt driven to continue his work. The tracing of the Congo along its whole length, the foundation of the Congo Free State, and the finding of Emin Pasha (who had no wish to be rescued) gave Stanley his place as the most important man in the opening up of Africa. His marriage to Dorothy Tennant led him to the House of Commons, where he was absurdly out of place. On the whole he came well out of the vicious controversies provoked by his expeditions, especially the last. He was a powerful, simple, and awkward man, always hitting back. His personal difficulties could have been more easily surmounted if he had not been so morbidly nervous and secretive about his origin; but it is easy enough to understand why in Victorian England he did not care to be candid. He was a man of extraordinary gifts: witness the writing of his large book, *Through the Dark Continent*, in three months. Mr. Hird has been over the whole record and brought in everything of importance. His writing is ordinary, and a few bad blunders need correction. But this is a serviceable book, and will help to make known to our time the life-story of an extraordinary man.

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Men and Gods in Mongolia. By HENNING HASLUND. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

Here is a book of really admirable photographs and of somewhat less admirable prose. Mr. Haslund has spent several years in Mongolia, three of them with Dr. Sven Hedin's Central Asiatic Expedition, and is already the author of *Tents in Mongolia*, an extremely picturesque and entertaining volume published last year. But the romanticism of his new book is, if anything, a little too exuberant. Still, he manages to tell a large number of remarkably entertaining stories and to give a vivid account of a little known quarter of the Asiatic world. *Men and Gods in Mongolia* is largely concerned with his travels among the Torguts, one of the few Mongolian tribes to escape the effects of Japanese, Chinese and Soviet penetration and to keep something of the original atmosphere of Mongol life.

Quotations from Horace. By H. DARNLEY NAYLOR. *Shaftesbury: High House Press.*

Tags from the classics are rarely used now, in speeches or in essays. We find it simpler to appropriate ideas from the past and job them off as our own. So it is a little difficult to know for whom this pleasant and well-printed volume is intended; but many readers will find in the reading of this scrap-book the same pleasure Mr. Naylor has evidently had in the making of it. He runs through his Horace, chooses passages quotable and once well quoted, and gives us his own versions, which are often felicitous and neat. Here are two of his versions:

> Your third-rate poets claim the right to live
> A right men, gods and book-shops will not give.

And

> Ere Agamemnon many a hero fell;
> But all unwept, unknown have left the light
> And bear the burden of eternal night
> Because no holy bard their tale could tell.

Mr. Naylor's English, almost inevitably—did not Milton fail in the task?—is looser, lighter, less impressive than the Latin. Often his versions are comments rather than translations; but they are apposite comments, and have an elegance of their own. On any reader tolerably familiar with Horace this book is guaranteed, as are all other translations, to provoke rival versions. What more can be wanted?

Charles I and the Court of Rome. By GORDON ALBION. *Burns Oates.* 15*s.*

This volume—a thesis for the author's degree of doctor in the science of history at Louvain—is that rare thing, a readable book of detailed scholarship which succeeds in holding the reader's attention close to a small corner of history. Dr. Albion has set out to investigate the consequences, political and ecclesiastical, of Charles I's marriage; and he shows how the consequences were influenced by the characters of Charles and Henrietta. He writes sympathetically, but with less prejudice than we should find in most English historians who chose so confined a subject. His chapter on the projects of reunion between England and Rome during Laud's archepiscopate is unusually full and well-documented, and should be read by all who imagine that the Tractarians were a disgusting novelty in the Church of England. His portrayal of Charles and Henrietta is vivid and unbiased, and his account of the minor characters, especially of Mgr. Con, will have for most readers the advantage of novelty as well as of brilliance. His is a book to delight those who like to linger in the by-ways of history.

Twenty Years at St. Hilary. By BERNARD WALKE. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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children, and a defiant defender of lost causes. He tells us of his twenty years' service at St. Hilary, a church that he has made famous and that his artist friends have made beautiful, of those artist friends themselves, and of his Cornish congregation who have tolerated his Christmassing for the respect they have for his character. Here is autobiography at its best: easy, intimate, amusing and full of matter.

The Pastured Shire. By LORD JUSTICE SLESSER. *Arrowsmith.* 7s. 6d.

In our love of accomplishments, which extends a welcome to clergymen who write detective stories and civil servants with a passion for orchids, we like to think of our Judges as being always patrons of the arts (very often, in fact, they are); a book of verses, even, from a high judicial authority does not astonish. The late Lord Darling was something of a poet, and this small collection, *The Pastured Shire*, shows Lord Justice Slesser as an experienced writer of lyrical pieces. He tries for a small effect by familiar means, expressing himself best in an English landscape which verges on the pastoral and yet retains a personal elegance. *The Garden*, a very brief lyric, is perhaps the best of this kind; longer pieces, such as the title-poem, and those which deal with the relationship between men and women, are less satisfactory. The book is divided into six sections: "Lyrics," "Songs of Wedlock," "Epic Verses," "Valentines," "Poems of Memory," "Hymns." There can be no doubt of the sincere feeling behind the sonnet sequence called "Songs of Wedlock," but its conventionality seems forced beside the reflective ease of the religious poems and the descriptions of landscape.

Friendly Relations: A Narrative of British Ministers and Ambassadors to America (1701-1930). By BECKLES WILLSON. *Lovat Dickson.* 15s.

The story of our relations with the United States, from the foundation of the Republic to the present day, is told by Mr. Beckles Willson with humour and understanding. One by one our earlier representatives are described in neat little character sketches, as fresh from a world in which diplomatic etiquette was as exact as a science they came to a democracy in which good manners were suspect, so that not the least of their troubles was to adjust themselves socially in so new and raw a world. But they had plenty of other troubles, and it says much for their patience and understanding, to say nothing of the forbearance of their home Governments, that Mr. Willson's main title is not more ironic than it is. That we did not always send our best men is apparent, but on the whole the record is one of which our diplomacy is entitled to be proud, for unilateral friendliness is as severe a test of sincerity as can be imagined. As time wore on social relations adjusted themselves, but rarely has a British Minister or Ambassador passed through his term of office without some test of character that has strained urbanity well nigh to breaking point. Mr. Willson's studies of our later representatives are particularly illuminative.

H. J. Massingham

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About Motoring

A NEW MORRIS

THE British Press has been full of screaming headlines about four new Morris cars during the last week, and they are big cars at that. Uninstructed observers wonder why Lord Nuffield should suddenly produce four new cars in addition to the bewildering fleet of Morrises, Wolseleys and M.G.s for which he is already responsible. I am not at all clear why he has launched two of them—the 16 h.p. and 18 h.p.—but I am extremely glad that he has built the 21 h.p. and the 25 h.p. Ever since the Government wisely but tardily reduced the tax payable on good-sized engines, all honest consulting engineers have been advising clients who could spend £300–£400 and face a petrol consumption of 18 miles a gallon, to buy American cars. Let economists debate the general effect of such a policy on employment and British financial status; a consulting engineer is not concerned with such matters, but must simply try to supply his clients with the car which will best suit their needs. In the indicated class of vehicle, the American manufacturer had us beat to a frazzle in January, and still has us beat unless the new Morris 21 h.p. and 25 h.p. are better cars than half a dozen imported Americans. These Americans—everybody knows their names—are more silent, more comfortable and more speedy than their British equivalents. Their silence is remarkable. They couple a maximum speed of about 80 m.p.h. with a wide flexibility on top gear, good acceleration and fast climbing. It is irrelevant to object that few people demand a speed as high as 80 m.p.h.; for a car which can do 80 m.p.h. at a pinch accomplishes the 60 m.p.h. which we all use on occasion, without effort or fuss. But it is the comfort of these cheap American cars which is their main attraction. They ride beautifully on good roads; and when the traveller perforce tackles really vile going, they float over it very pleasantly with far less protest than any British car at the same price can display. This comparison is not an indictment of the British manufacturer. Our taxation scale practically killed the sale of such big cars in past years, and killed manufacture when it killed the sale. The Government's sudden tax reduction, wisely enterprised, was foolishly executed. The industry was not given notice, and was caught napping. America has sold a great many 20–30 h.p. cars in this country during an interval in which the British industry was unable to offer buyers the required type of car. Indeed, Lord Nuffield deserves loud plaudits for the speed with which he has produced his counterblast. The two bigger cars in the new Morris range are intended to compete with the V8 Ford, the Terraplanes, the Studebakers, the Oldsmobiles, and other American cars of similar type; and are on the whole cheaper than any of them except the V8 Ford.

I have not yet had the opportunity of trying the 21 h.p. and 25 h.p. Morris, so that the warm welcome which I offer them is inspired by hope rather than by knowledge. In general outline they bear a very close resemblance to the pick of their imported rivals. The 25 h.p. is capable of 75 m.p.h.—a speed fractionally less than the American standard, but ample for all practical purposes. The finish—both inside and out—is definitely better than the average American finish. If I have any qualms about it, they relate to the suspension, which I am anxious to try. Some of the Americans have independent front wheel springing. The Morris attempts to achieve equal luxury by semi-elliptic front axle suspension, and may not quite succeed; but the wheelbase of the two larger Morrises is nearly a foot longer than that of the American rivals, so that all passengers sit well inside the axles, and may reap as much benefit from that fact as they sacrifice by adherence to a type of springing which is possibly obsolescent. One suspects that the Morris engineers have not had time to develop a knee action suspension; and it is true that some foreign engineers have produced knee actions which were grossly imperfect. It is at least possible that the new Morrises will corner better at speed and sway less on bends than some of their rivals. The engines are of the right type, being large side-valve units, rubber insulated, with four-bearing crankshafts and vibration dampers. These maintain their power well, and are easily serviced, whether by amateur or professional mechanics. They

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PHILOSOPHY

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This issue is the first number of Volume X (new series). An Index to Volume IX is in course of preparation and will be sent to postal subscribers, free of charge, on application; and for one shilling, post free, to other readers.

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are adequately cooled, even for Alpine work, with big radiators, fans, and water pumps. The usual Morris fume-proofing and carburetter-silencing methods are applied. The lubrication systems are thoroughly equal to speed on Continental autostradas, to the incessant climbs imposed by the Alps, and to ordinary daily work in the tropics. Both cars are admirably designed for export purposes. A simple clutch conveys the drive to a synchromesh gear box. In general, both chassis are free from "frills," and promise freedom from trouble combined with a really long working life.

The coachwork displays no originality, and is based on current fashions. The six-light saloon is a genuinely handsome car of imposing dimensions; the coupé may command rather less favour. There is ample luggage accommodation. The fittings are really well made and finished. The equipment is complete, and embodies built-in jacks (under the Jackall patent), a luxury seldom encountered on cars built down to a price under fierce competition. The roominess of these bodies implies weight, and may render the hill-climbing rather less speedy and powerful than that of one or two imported rivals; but this is a small point of purely sentimental importance. Real pains have obviously been taken to offer the crew a very high degree of comfort, and subject to the single item of the suspension, on which I must suspend judgment until after an actual road trial, they should compare very favourably indeed with the foreign cars which are their real progenitors. There are tuned horns, and twin fog-lamps. The anti-dazzle device is foot-operated, and single-acting, so that one push dips the headlamps, and the next push straightens them up again. Twin windscreen-wipers with bottom motors are provided. The control pedals are frame-mounted, and the steering wheel is rubber-insulated, both items being planned to endow the driver with the same protection against vibration as his passengers enjoy. Ventilation is ensured by a complicated system which experience has proved to be efficient; no headaches should be generated when five heavy smokers take a long journey in these cars on a day which compels the windows to be kept almost closed. The 16 h.p. and the 18 h.p., as indicated above, do not interest me especially; they are compromise cars, and may not approach the best Americans in the class closely enough to act as dangerous competitors. But the 21 h.p. and the 25 h.p. are cheaper than any rivals except the V.8 Ford; the 21 h.p. and 25 h.p. fixed head saloons cost no more than £265, and represent most excellent value.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 277

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The modern slogan is to the great manufacturer what the old heraldic motto was to the knight of chivalry. Compare "Truth Prevails" or "Ich Dien" with the K.L.G. Plugs' "Fit and Forget" or "Guinness is Good for You." Why should not this practice be extended to authors? I suggest that suitable slogans should be found for six of the following writers:

Shaw; Jeans; Freud; Byron; Browning; Henry James; Oscar Wilde; Hemingway; Marx; Dr. Johnson; Proust; J. J. Rousseau; Kipling and Mrs. Beeton.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday,
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 275

Set by Margaret Southern

Our British sense of superiority over foreigners, especially over foreigners visiting this country, is much strengthened by their tendency to employ literally certain English idioms whose real meaning is not the apparent one. Our glee at the result is not diminished by the fact, which we usually forget, that English people abroad make contributions quite as valuable to the foreigner's collection of howlers. An example of the poor outsider's innocence is furnished by the Continental spinster who, invited by English friends to "come in any time you like, just as one of ourselves," replied gratefully: "I come then always in the family way." A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a story in not more than 150 words embodying a real or imaginary situation created by the foreigner's ignorance of idiomatic English.

Report by Margaret Southern

There were only 23 entries for this competition, and the level of humour was not very high. Too many of the stories were long-winded; too many were far-fetched or unconvincing. Surely convincingness is of the essence of a story on this theme: one must be made to feel not only that the foreigner might, if exceptionally unfortunate, fall into the reported trap, but that the poor wretch did. Long-windedness is equally dangerous; if the listener is kept in suspense for very long, then the dénouement, when it comes, must be more than ordinarily funny to satisfy his strained expectation. Few of the slower-moving anecdotes fulfilled this need.

Several competitors, again, sent in stories that did not fulfil the chief condition of the competition—namely that the theme must be misuse of an English idiom. A single word, however devastatingly inappropriate, is no substitute for an idiom: otherwise the following, from "Q," would undoubtedly have qualified for a place:

At school speech days, at public dinners, and at intimate little dinner parties, the Englishman is never tired of observing that his schooldays were the happiest time of his life. On one occasion when this remark was made there happened to be in the company a young Frenchwoman, who after several years of severe education in a convent was just discovering the pleasures and attractions which the gay world has to offer to those who can afford to pay. "Ah no," she remarked, "I do not think that is so at all, the pleasures of childhood cannot compare with the joys of adultery."

The first prize goes to E. J. H., whose story of a young virgin's misadventure seems ideal in its simplicity, credibility and catastrophic tableau:

FIRST PRIZE

Following the fashion of their friends, my parents sent me abroad at the age of nineteen, there to be "finished"—an expensive and, I think, unnecessary procedure. The results of this experiment were I fear negligible, except for a friendship which I formed with a very attractive French girl.

Some months later, having returned home, she came to stay with me. My grandmother, a lovable but rather prim old lady, was also on her annual visit. Marianne, priding herself on her English, and having delightful manners, soon became a great favourite with the old lady.

One day the following conversation took place: "And what are you going to do with yourself after tea, my dear," asked Granny, "while Helen is at the dressmaker's?"

Imagine the consternation when the reply came: "I do not really know as yet, Mrs. Marlow, but I think I will perhaps go on the streets!"

E. J. H.

The winner of the second prize had, unlike the first, to be chosen from among several possible candidates. The prize is awarded for the following by H. C. Riddell, which shows the angry foreigner rather spoiling his exit by a highly possible misunderstanding, and does not beat about the bush:

SECOND PRIZE

Three summers ago in a Thames-side town the young society included a girl called Joan. She had two great admirers—Tony, an Englishman, and a Dutchman we called Fritz, who had decided on the best method of learning English.

These two liked each other well enough at first, and their rivalry over Joan was carried on in a friendly spirit. This did not last, however, and in the end they actively disliked each other.

Relations became very strained after a bathing party on the river at which I was not present but where, apparently, Tony managed to monopolise the girl's attention more than Fritz cared for.

After the party's return Fritz made the following statement to me about Tony: "He is not so good. His top make a good showing but he have a false bottom. I remark it to-day when we bathe."

H. C. RIDDELL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 132.—FACTUAL

"I've been staying with the Bottleby's," writes Mary. "What an ineffectual family! They amused me so much with their inconsistencies that I arranged—unbeknownst to them—to put the same seven questions to each of them. They were all questions to which every one of them should have known the answers, yet these were the replies I got:

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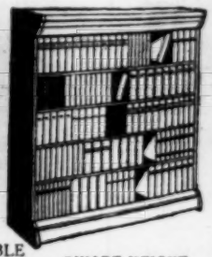

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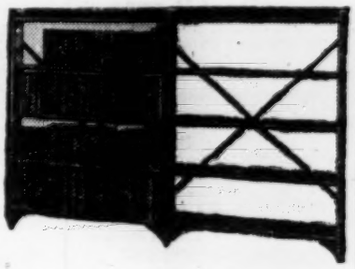

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THE QUESTIONS

1. How many pups has Tinker?
2. Where does Aunt Tabitha spend the summer?
3. What make is the Snoopers' car.
4. Under what name does Grandpa write for the papers?
5. What is Marion's favourite drink?
6. For what offence was George sent to prison?
7. Where is Cousin Fanny?

THE ANSWERS

DR. BOTTLEBY: (1) Five, (2) Ryde, (3) A Ford, (4) Brutus, (5) Brandy, (6) Bigamy, (7) Capri.

ERNESTINE: (1) Three, (2) Ventnor, (3) A Singer, (4) Vindex, (5) Cointreau, (6) Fraud, (7) Normandy.

TIBBLES: (1) Three, (2) Cowes, (3) A Singer, (4) Cunctator, (5) Buttermilk, (6) Fraud, (7) Brittany.

JU-JU: (1) Four, (2) Ventnor, (3) A Humber, (4) Vindex, (5) Brandy, (6) Bigamy, (7) Normandy.

ANTONY: (1) Five, (2) Ryde, (3) An Essex, (4) Splintex, (5) Cointreau, (6) Fraud, (7) Madeira.

DAHLIA: (1) Three, (2) Shanklin, (3) An Essex, (4) Brutus, (5) Cointreau, (6) Debt, (7) Como.

LIBBY: (1) Four, (2) Cowes, (3) An Essex, (4) Brutus, (5) Brandy, (6) Bigamy, (7) Como.

"Dr. Bottleby and Ernestine each answered three questions correctly each of the others answered two! The right answers are as follows . . ."

Unfortunately I have lost the last page of the letter. But can you deduce, from the data, the answers to Mary's questions?

PROBLEM 130.—BLUE RIBBON

From the data it can easily be deduced that Murgatroyd has two brothers (Maximum potential loss = £3,100 in respect of each. Earl's potential loss, "£9,000 odd.") The only solution consistent with all the facts will then be found to be as follows:

	Year 1	2	3	4	5
Murgatroyd ..	D	A	A	D	A
1st brother ..	A	D	A	A	D
2nd brother ..	A	A	D	A	A

The Earl's gains and losses (in hundreds of pounds) will then work out as follows:

In respect of	Year 1	2	3	4	5
Murgatroyd ..	+2	−1	−2	+2	−1
1st brother ..	−1	+2	−1	−2	+2
2nd brother ..	−1	−2	+2	−1	−2
Gain or loss each year	—	−1	−1	−1	−1
Cumulative ..	—	−1	−2	−3	−4

The wording of Murgatroyd's comments has reference to *cumulative* losses and cannot properly be taken in any other sense.

PROBLEM 129.—FLOWER SHOW

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to J. H. G. Buller, the Little Cottage, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

Three points are awarded.

PROBLEM 128.—CROSS COUNTRY

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to H. A. Vine, 142, Chamberlayne Road, N.W.10.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 122.—BODGERS

Six points were awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

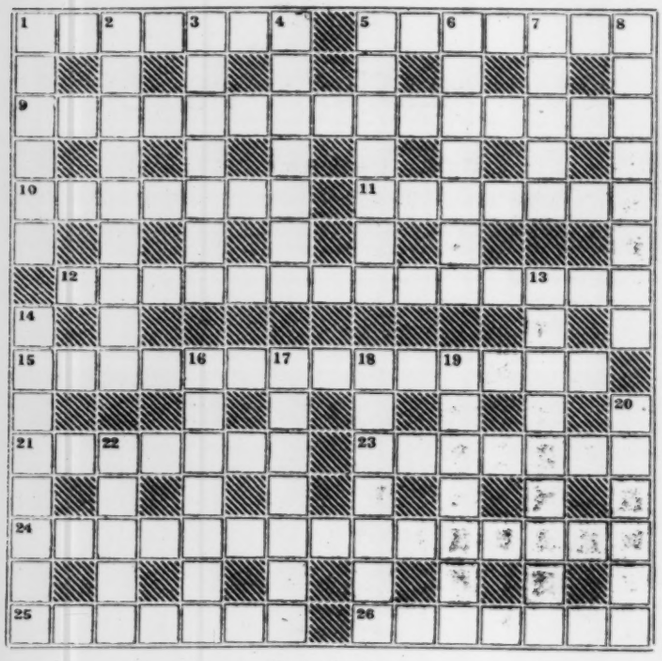
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 278

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss K. Tavener, 20 Thirleston Road, Edinburgh 10.

ACROSS

1. Here arrived the King of Orkney, no doubt to visit his nephew.
5. The franc's just about reversed it.
9. Celebrated by statesman 2 days ago.
10. No doubt they hope to be sea ones during the holidays.
11. Hamlet's was unbraced when he came before Ophelia.
12. Nickname for girlish purist like the clue to 2.
15. Criterion of facility.
21. Instruction to Lamb to pitch it high in the herbaceous border.
23. Supplies the Daily News.
24. Used to enable people to get a good drive.
25. The way one goes over Helvellyn edge?
26. We go after broken idols.

DOWN

1. Sounds like an exclusive golf club.
2. Claimed in a curative way.
3. "I hear lake water—with low sounds by the shore."
4. First class units in N. Africa.
5. Citizenship that still remains the Englishman's prerogative.
6. Ours is sent to us during life, but finally we get sent to it.
7. The boy who's growing up has it up over him.
8. This palace is no use to the clairvoyant.
13. Real property worth 5*s*.?
14. Distresses.
16. A bad blow for everyone.
17. Houses built by gangers.
18. Their menfolk have outstanding coiffures.
19. Sussex town containing Norfolk stronghold.
20. Where Sir Richard Grenville lay.
22. Describes the chestnut retailer.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

I	N	T	R	U	T	H	■	C	A	M	P	B	E	D
S	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	I	■	E
H	E	A	T	H	E	R	M	I	X	T	U	R	E	S
M	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	N	■	H	■	T	■	I
A	W	N	I	N	G	S	■	C	L	O	T	H	E	S
E	■	I	■	G	■	Y	A	H	■	D	■	D	■	T
L	I	N	D	E	N	■	L	■	E	S	S	A	Y	S
■	■	G	■	■	A	N	G	E	L	■	■	Y	■	■
P	I	C	K	U	P	■	O	■	L	E	A	P	E	D
O	■	E	■	N	■	I	L	P	■	N	■	R	■	E
R	A	N	C	H	E	S	■	A	N	T	H	E	A	P
K	■	T	■	O	■	L	■	L	■	H	■	S	■	O
P	O	R	T	U	G	A	L	L	A	U	R	E	L	S
I	■	E	■	S	■	N	■	E	■	S	■	N	■	E
E	A	S	T	E	N	D	■	T	R	E	A	T	E	D

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.
GAIETY. Gay Deceivers. Tues. & Thurs.
HIPPODROME. Love Laughs—! Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. Grief Goes Over. Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
Mats., TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
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DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
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DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GAIETY. Tem. 6991. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, CLIFFORD MOLLISON,
CLAIRE LUCE, GINA MALO, DAVID HUTCHESON.

HIPPODROME. Gerrard 3272.
EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
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LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
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TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. EVGS., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
"GRIEF GOES OVER."
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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Revue with Music.

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SEYMOUR HICKS in
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with JULIA NEILSON.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
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THURSDAY, Magda Schneider in
LIEBELEI (A). German dialogue, English titles.

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PAUL ROTHA (Director)
STEPHEN HARRISON (Cutter)
In the Chair: BARBARA NIXON, MILES MALLESON, SIDNEY H. COLE.
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

ARE INDUSTRIAL SHARES TOO HIGH?—ROOSEVELT AND THE UTILITY BILL—HOME RAIL PROSPECTS—CABLE AND WIRELESS

NEARLY everyone in the City is saying that British industrial ordinary shares are too high. The Actuaries' index of 158 industrial shares has risen by 10.4 per cent. since the end of March. The average yield on these industrial shares in the same period has dropped from 4.05 per cent. to 3.8 per cent. Undoubtedly the speculative spirit is abroad. Stags are having great sport with the new South African gold mining issues (speculations, not proved mines), the bulls are charging about in the industrial markets, tossing prices sky-high, pool operations are suspected in certain shares (e.g. British Oxygen) and the general public, whose appetite is whetted by the news of increased dividends, bonuses and new issues, pours in its orders daily. The usual characteristics of a bull market are to be seen. The public buys wildly on the flimsiest of news. For example, the announcement of a £35 millions scheme for London transport was the signal for a boom in electrical equipment shares until the chairman of General Electric explained that the electrical industry at the most could participate to the extent of about £4 to £5 millions. We have now entered on the fourth month of an unbroken rise in equity shares. On the first piece of bad news there will be a rush to take profits. However, the trade news is still good, the capital industries still continue to expand, and the Government is showing signs that it is veering towards a policy of selected public works. Provided that it also maintains a policy of cheap money—and no stabilisation on gold—there is no need to be anxious about the continuance of the profits boom. Ordinary shares may be due for a reaction but the trend is still upward. As long as their average yield is 1 per cent. above that of gilt-edged stocks, there is no cause for alarm, unless the industrial risk is increased by some political action.

* * *

The public utility men are beating President Roosevelt. The Rayburn Bill, which imposed death upon the utility holding companies by 1942, was passed with a majority of one by the Senate, and in the House of Representatives the President sustained a crushing defeat. The "death sentence" clause was rejected in Committee and when the Bill came before the full House, where the voting requires disclosure of names, the majority against the "death clause" clause was actually increased—323 as against 181. The Bill now goes before a joint committee of the two Houses and it is pretty certain that President Roosevelt will have to go without his "killing." There are, of course, several features in the Bill still objectionable to the utility men, who will no doubt carry the issue to the Courts—and it is almost certain that the Supreme Court will declare the Bill to be unconstitutional. The public utility interests organised a very powerful "lobby" in opposition to the Rayburn Bill. Every holder of public utility stocks was canvassed and hundreds of thousands of telegrams, protesting against the Bill, have been showered upon Congress. The President coolly fought back by threatening to withhold Government money from public works in States where Senators have voted against the "death clause." A commission has now been appointed by Congress to report upon the lobbying in connection with this Bill and sensational disclosures, reflecting upon the President rather than on the public utility industry, are expected. A Republican member is now introducing a resolution, calling upon the President to appear before a joint session of the two Houses to explain why the solemn covenants and pledges contained in his election speeches have been broken. The following examples are given :—

> I regard reduction in Federal spending as one of the most important issues of this campaign. In my opinion, it is the most direct and effective contribution that the Government can make to business.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—speech at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 19th, 1932.

[Note.—The expenditures of the Government from President Washington to President Taft, 1789—1913 inclusive (124 years) totalled $24,521,845,000. The expenditures of the Roosevelt Administration as estimated by the President (actual 1934 and estimated 1935 and 1936) will total in three years $24,206,533,000.]

> Remember well that attitude and method—the way we *do* things, not just the way we *say* things—is nearly always the measure of our sincerity.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—speech at Butte, Montana, September 19th, 1932.

The President is undoubtedly losing his hold over Congress—and the stock markets. It is enough to say that business confidence is returning as the fear of President Roosevelt diminishes.

* * *

The improvement in the heavy industries is now beginning to have its effect upon the weekly traffic returns of our home railways. This week the returns complete the half-year and call for some comment. The results are not unsatisfactory. The following table gives the gain or loss in gross traffic receipts for the first half of 1935 as compared with that of 1934 :—

	£	% Change.
Great Western	+ 78,000	+ 0.66
L.M. & S.	+ 299,000	+ 1.04
L. & N.E.	— 26,000	— 0.12
Southern	+ 8,000	+ 0.08

Allowing for the increase in the wage bill, these results imply that the L.M. & S. is earning the full dividends on its 4 per cent. (first) and 5 per cent. redeemable preference stocks (the interim dividend on the latter is postponed until July 25th) and a little over 1⅝ per cent. per annum on its 4 per cent. 1923 preference stock, while the L. & N.E. is earning just over half the annual rate on its 4 per cent. first and 5 per cent. redeemable preference stocks. The Southern, on the same showing, should be earning about 3⅞ per cent. on its preferred ordinary stock. These estimates do not make any allowances for a revision of the rating assessments. Probably the House of Lords will not hear the appeal against the reduced assessment of the Southern until after the Long Vacation. Therefore the railways cannot give themselves credit for any reduction in rates in calculating the half-year's earning, or in paying the interim dividends. If all the rating assessments are revised on lines similar to the Southern the following extra earnings are possible :—

L.M. & S. 4% 1923 preference ..	2½%
L. & N.E. 4% 1st preference ..	1½%
L. & N.E. 5% 2nd preference ..	1⅞%
Southern 5% preferred ordinary ..	1⅛%

In calculating probable dividends this year on the marginal stocks *it would be wise to ignore the rating reliefs*. The House of Lords might be so moved by the "minus" assessment for the London & North Eastern as to give a decision in the Southern case which would call for the revision of the whole rating law. On the basis of last year's dividends the yields on the marginal stocks at present prices are as follows (potential dividends shown in *italics*) :—

	Price.	Last Dividend.	Yield % on Last Year's Dividends.
L.M. & S. 4% 1st preference ..	82¼	Full	£4 18 6
L.M. & S. 5% Redeemable pref.	102¾	Full	4 18 9
L.M. & S. 4% 1923 preference	56¼	1⅝	2 18 3
			7 5 3
L. & N.E. 4% 1st preference ..	65¼	3¼	5 0 9
			6 4 0
L. & N.E. 5% Redeemable pref.	83	4 1/16	4 19 6
			6 2 0
Southern 5% preferred ordinary	83¾	4	4 16 9
			6 1 6

On this showing the marginal stocks of the home railways seem to be fully valued for the time being, but if the recent improvement in traffics is maintained the market may become more bullish.

* * *

The response of stockholders to the Cable and Wireless (Holding) scheme for repayment of a third of the preference stock was satisfactory enough—over £6,000,000 stock having been tendered out of a possible £7,739,625—but the offer is being extended to July 15th to give time to some of the more distant of the 40,000 stockholders to accept. A bigger response would no doubt have been secured if the market price had not risen so rapidly. It was too much to expect Scotland to tender for repayment at par stock which could then be sold in the market at 104 (it is now 102). However, sufficient stock has been tendered to make it probable that the full dividend of 5½ per cent will be earned this year on the balance of the preference stock outstanding. Speculative interest is now transferred to the A stock (now quoted at 28) of which there is £20,766,020. I have previously pointed out that even if 6 per cent. is earned on the preference stock reduced by one-third (£15,480,000) the balance available on the A stock would be equivalent to only ⅝ per cent. Nevertheless the optimists are guessing that in two or three years' time net earnings will have risen by about £500,000 or 50 per cent., making 2½ per cent. on the A stock, and that if the A stock is then written down from £100 to £50, it might rise to its new par value! It seems certain that the A stock will become permanently over-valued.

Company Meeting

HOVIS, LIMITED

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The thirty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders was held, in London, on Wednesday last. Mr. A. H. Dence, Chairman, presiding, dealt with the balance sheet, and said (in part) :—

The amount of Net Profit on trading brought into Profit and Loss Account for the year shows an increase of £9,000—a very substantial and satisfactory figure. We feel, as the years roll on, we are indeed fortunate that, in spite of periods of trade depression, of national and international difficulties and financial stress, our Company has shown no retrogression but has, on the contrary, continued to advance and prosper. Our results this year are surely another indication that trade in the Country is on the up-grade.

Within recent years, in nearly every other country, we have witnessed political upheaval or financial unrest in one form or another, but at home here in our own land, owing to the inherent stability of our Constitution and Statutes and the sound common sense of our people, we have weathered the political and trade storms, and our social, commercial and economic position is gaining strength year by year. Whilst quite naturally we are all pleased that the trade position is so much improved, none of us can afford to relax our efforts, and in this business every member of our large staff is ever striving to create new records and to widen our borders and gain increased business. If we have managed even during the years of great depression to hold our own and even to make some small progress, surely, then, we may hope to receive our share of the increased trade as economic conditions improve.

In past speeches I have called the attention of our Shareholders to the very serious fact that bread consumption generally in this and other countries was on the decline, but this does not apply to Hovis, as, following a record of sales for the year under review, it is gratifying to state that in the current year we have started beating those records.

We are proposing this year to place the sum of £10,000 to a Reserve for the equalisation of dividends ; this is a new recommendation, but I am sure you will consider it a wise one and will authorise its adoption. The Chairman then paid a tribute to the work of the staff.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and dividend declaration sanctioned, authorising a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares in respect to the half-year ended 31st March and a bonus of 5 per cent.

Mr. A. E. Cressall was unanimously re-elected as a Director.

The Advantages of a Banking Account

A banking account with the C.W.S. Bank ensures :

Convenient and easily provable payments of accounts.

Excellent interest coupled with moderate and easily ascertainable Commission.

Safe custody of documents, deeds and other valuables, free of charge.

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An investment in 24 of the strongest and soundest companies in British industry.

The Gross Annual Yield based on the results of the last 12 months, at a price of 21s. 6d. per sub-unit, is **£4 17s. 5d. per cent.** Of this £4 11s. 5d. represents cash dividends and 6s. 0d. the proceeds of sale of a normally recurrent bonus (Marks & Spencer). Capital bonuses, which may not recur, are not included in the yield. The proceeds of sale of such bonuses, rights, etc., in the past financial year amounted, at the above price, to an additional **£2 17s. 8d. per cent.**

These are the Companies:

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.
Burma Corporation Ltd.
Burmah Oil Co., Ltd.
J. & P. Coats Ltd.
Courtaulds Ltd.
Distillers Co., Ltd.
Gas Light & Coke Co.
Government Gold Mining Areas Ltd.
Arthur Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd.
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.
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London Brick Company & Forders Ltd.
London County Freehold & Leasehold Properties Ltd.
L. M. & S. Railway Co.
J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.
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Sub-units can be bought or sold through any bank or stockbroker. Full particulars may be obtained through

The Trustees:
Royal Exchange Assurance

The Bankers:
Barclays Bank Limited

or by writing for Booklet W2 to

The Managers:
Investors Specialised Fixed Trusts Limited
15, Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

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Devereux

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

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HIKING. A magnificent centre. THORSHILL HOTEL, HINDHEAD, Surrey. Amid delightful scenery and adjoining Hindhead Common, the hotel provides every modern comfort and excellent fare. 'Phone 545.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans, Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. MRS. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

N. WALES. Attractive holiday hut. Ideally situated Porth Caeriad Cliffs. To be let furnished, July and Sept. Box 810, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BEAUTIFUL Kent village, excellent touring centre; charming six-roomed bungalow, furnished. Garage, tel., gas., elec., orchard. Aug., Sept., 3 gns. weekly.—PRIESTLEY, Sunnyville, Loose, Maidstone.

DETACHED sunny house to let, furnished, 9 rooms; radiators, e.l., garage; nr. bus, shops, sea. Fr. Oct. to March, 2 gns. wk.—HAREFIELD, Rustington, Sussex.

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BEAUTY-SPOT bungalow. Own river frontage, punt, 5 rooms, bath, gas, elec., 'phone, radio, refrigerator, garage. 4 gns. weekly for 3 weeks July 27th. 'Phone Sunbury 385 (evenings). Macaulay 4481 (day).

ACHILL, W. of Ireland; finest scenery in Europe; 18 hours London; close to sea. Terms £2 10s. weekly. Apply POSTMISTRESS, Dugont.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

THE LE PLAY SOCIETY

AUGUST VISITS include:—(1) BULGARIA (Sofia, Black Sea, and Rhodope Mountains); (2) RUSSIA via Leningrad, Moscow to the Caucasus; (3) ANDORRA (hotel or camping); (4) DENMARK and SWEDEN; (5) The OUTER HEBRIDES, Stornoway (hotel or camping).
Write Miss MARGARET TATTON, Director, 58 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

KENT. Restful accommodation amid beautiful country old-world village. Bath, h. and c. Efficient catering. Garage. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden. 'Phone 46.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

LEAMINGTON SPA. Besides holiday visitors, we would welcome permanent paying guests, literary or artistic tastes; from 2½ to 4 guineas. LLOYD, Dolobran Guest House, 151 Leam Terrace.

WEST CORNWALL. Convenient well-furnished cottage for long or short periods, holidays or residence (not August). Delightful situation near village on famous coast between Land's End and St. Ives. Glorious country. Sandy bathing coves. Terms and photos from MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

STEEP, PETERSFIELD (Tel. 376). Small guest house; beautiful district; good cooking. MRS. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

SOUTHWOLD. Charming furnished cottage, July and September; 3 bed, 2 sitting rooms, bath, etc. One min. from sea. Write 22, South Green.

DRIVE YOUR CAR (if 9 h.p. or over), TOW OUR CARAVAN (5½ cwt. "Rice" 2-berth long folder). Take your wife (or other good cook), Pitch (5 mins. work) within earshot of the curlew, bittern, guillemot or raven. Partics.—CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

ON the Severn near Shrewsbury, the MYTTON AND MERMAID HOTEL, Atcham, offers distinguished entertainment to those *en route* for Portmeirion.

SALTDEAN. Guests received, charming house, facing sea; separate tables; excellent cooking; close beach, Downs, riding school. GLENDOWER, Saltdean, Brighton. Rottingdean 9552.

CORNWALL. Detached Bungalow. Two miles sea. Newly built. Bath, h. and c., sleep six. Available Sept. and onwards. PARKER, New England, Hitchin, Herts.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

BAVARIA. Small hotel. Beautiful surroundings. Bathing. Good cuisine. English spoken. 35 m. wkly: Geschw. Link, Laudenbach-a-M.

TYROL. Cheap holiday, lodging with or without board. Opportunities for learning German. Mountain climbing. Social life. English refs. Therese Moser, MARIA THERESIENSTR, 25 iii, Innsbruck.

WINDMILLS and Mediaeval Walls, butterflies and green lizards. A fresh breeze, a bright sun and the deep blue waters of the sea. Come then to Ibiza. "Ca Vostra," a guest-house with moderate terms. Frau SCHNEIDER KAINER, "Ca Vostra," Calle San Luis, Ibiza, Baleares.

BRETON VILLAGE. Journalist recommends comfortable house, 5 mins. sea. Secluded bathing. Garage, garden, h. and c. water. English spoken. July and Sept. from 30 frs. a day. Aug. 35 frs. J. LE BIHAN, Villa la Rance, La Cornillais, Dinard, France.

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£15 Wolseley 16 h.p. Saloon, 1928, little used and in first rate mechanical order. Appearance shabby. This blousy old romp has life and energy for a large family. CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

CONFERENCES

F. P. S. I.

Summer Conference at Beacon Hill School, near Brentwood, Essex (proprietor, Dora Russell) from Sat., Aug. 17 to Sat., Aug. 24.

KINGSLEY MARTIN on "Why War is Not Imminent."
DORA RUSSELL on "Has Left Education a Policy?"
S. K. RATCLIFFE on "H. G. Wells on America."
GERALD HEARD on "'Manifesto.' To-day."
C. T. C. SHARP on "Reddie of Abbotsholme—and After."
A. A. BURALL on "The Case for Nudism."
Dr. E. CONZÉ on "The Psychology of Fascism."
AYLMER ROSE on "Is a Rational Sex Ethic Possible?"
Sun-bathing, bathing, tennis, dancing, folk dancing, and rambling.

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FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

THE HEALTHIEST TOWN IS ALSO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

WELWYN, by official statistics, is the healthiest town. (Figures supplied on request). It is also the best laid out, and the most beautiful, because no ugly houses are allowed. Modern houses, with 3 bedrooms, lounge, dining room, bathroom, kitchen, and large garden: £540 with £7 ground rent; or deposit £80 and 22s. 6d. per week inclusive of rates and water. Others £425 to £975. Charming modern houses to let from £50; 30 minutes King's Cross. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

MARLOW COMMON

In one of the beauty spots of Bucks

OLD-WORLD half-timbered TUDOR COTTAGE, restored and modernised: contains 4 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms, etc.; electric lighting and power; Co.'s water; garage, garden ¾ acre; rent £74 p.a., or with 7½ acres land, £84 p.a. Particulars of GIDDYS, Maidenhead.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY. Picturesque post-war detached house in pleasantest part of town: 3 bed, 2 rec., sep. lav. Central heating. Constant hot water (gas heater). Garage. Large garden shelter. Secluded garden suitable for sun bathing. Fruit trees, pond and swing. £950, gr. rent 35s., 990 years. MASTERS 107 Handside Lane, Welwyn Garden City.

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AT Newport, Pembs. To let, 7 roomed modern house, large attic, garden. Use of attached cottage and field by arrangement. Unobstructed view of mountain and sea. DAVIES, 1 Meliden Road, Penarth, Glam.

INEXPENSIVE Dwelling for the impecunious. A river houseboat; 45ft. long, four rooms, 16 h.p. engine. Near Cambridge. Owner leaving district. £60 for quick sale. No rates. Box 809, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

£30 p.a. Tudor cottage to let furnished with plate and linen for 2 yrs. 550ft. up. ½ acre, 4 beds, 2 recept. rooms. Garage for 2 cars. Company's water. Secluded. Beautiful country. 5½ miles from Wye Station. Ashford, 9 m., Canterbury 10, Folkestone 11, London 65. Box 821, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

STUDIO, furnished, large, modern, kitchenette, 2 divans, library, quiet. August or longer. 27s. 6d. or offer. Write GLASS, Studio 1, 4 Albert Street, N.W.1.

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MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856. 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Small furnd. flat, 30s. 15 Heathcote Street, Mecklenburg Sq., or 'phone PRI 1043.

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ATTRACTIVE Guest House in quiet square, close Earl's Court Underground. Divan rooms newly furnished. Single or double, some with private bath. Complete service available. C.H.W., 25s. to 42s. 63 Earl's Court Square, S.W.5. Flaxman 6979.

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HAMPSTEAD. To Let, Aug. 1—Sep. 14 (or shorter period), 250 year old cottage. Heath ½ min., back and front. Elec., geyser, tel., garden. Phone: SPEedwell 2535.

ROOMS to let, unfurn. or part furn., in a quiet Bloomsbury square. Box 814, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OXFORD, Country or Seaside. Couple with baby desire quiet, comfortable, inexpensive rooms for extended period, preferably with board and private bathroom. PALMER, 60 Broomfield, Leeds 6.

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FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

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NEW STATESMAN & NATION,
The Week-end Review,
10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, July 7th, at 11 a.m.: DR. HORACE J. BRIDGES (Chicago Ethical Society): "THE CANONISATION OF SIR THOMAS MORE." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, July 7th, at 11. MR. W. E. COLLIER: REVOLUTION WORKS ITSELF OUT. 7. DR. H. J. BRIDGES: THE RELIGION OF DEAN INGE.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, July 7th, at 6.30 p.m. The REV. WILLIAM PATON, M.A.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CAPEL-Y-FFIN. Llanthony, Monmouthshire.
Opening September. A new boarding school for girls, 5 to 15 years, and a few boys 5 to 11 years. Situate in 9 acres of grounds on the Welsh Mountainside near the head of the lovely vale of Ewyas. Our aim is to help children *learn for themselves* the necessary foundations of a useful Catholic home life. Hence special attention will be given to the arts and sciences of the home. Mrs. E. A. Peplar, the matron, is the daughter of Eric Gill, who will be an active director. Write for Prospectus to the Principal, MISS M. W. REEVES, at PIGOTTS, HIGH WYCOMBE.

ALPINE COLLEGE. Arveyes-Villars, Switzerland. (4,100ft.). English school for boys, 12 to 19. Individual education and care. Modern languages. Examination coaching. Character. Health. Winter and other sports. For September vacancies apply to the Headmaster, J. M. S. BARNARD, M.A. (Cantab.).

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THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–165 per annum.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. All-round education in perfect surroundings; boys and girls, 6–18. Fees £82 (or less).

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BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley). Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

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HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages. Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

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BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered, apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BRADLEY, M.A., Camb.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex, 700ft., a.s.l. adjoining Ashdown Forest. Progressive Home school for boys and girls, 3-12 years. Individual education. Open air life. Entire charge taken. Apply Principals.

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Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

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A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
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President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, South Croydon. Healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education: free development as individuals and as members of general community. Independent study. Special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Well-qualified staff. Principal, BERTA S. HUMPHREY.

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Entrance Examinations: July 17th and 18th and September 23rd and 24th, 1935.

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THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Junior School Methods. Instruction is offered in the theory and practice of progressive education. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the new schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. Preparation for Higher Certificate National Froebel Union. Further particulars on application.

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ROBERT COLLET, B.A. (Lond.), Mus. Bac. (Cantab.), coaches students for degrees in Music. Write 13 South Hill Park Gardens, N.W.3.

RIDING taught in CENTRAL LONDON. Course of 12 lessons, 3 guineas. Box 796, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HOLIDAYS

Subscribers about to go on holiday are reminded that the Publisher must receive Change of Address instructions by first post Wednesday morning to be effective. Permanent as well as temporary address should be given.

SHORT TERM SUBSCRIPTIONS

Readers can have "The New Statesman and Nation" posted to them to their holiday address by sending instructions together with 7d. for each issue they wish to receive.

All communications should be addressed

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The Senate invite applications for the Hildred Carlile Chair of Latin tenable at Bedford College. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on Sept. 12th, 1935, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

OFFICIAL FELLOWSHIP IN ECONOMICS

The College contemplates electing an Official Fellow to lecture in Economics, to take up his duties in October, 1935, or January, 1936. The stipend will be fixed in accordance with the work undertaken and the seniority of the successful candidate, but will in no case be less than £500 in the first year, with rooms in College rent free, and dinner free of charge at the Common Table.

Candidates should write to the PROVOST as soon as possible for an application form, which must be returned to him, with references and three testimonials, by July 15th. An election will probably be made on July 30th. The choice of the College will not necessarily be limited to the candidates who apply.

COUNTY OF YORK (EAST RIDING).
APPOINTMENT OF COUNTY LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the post of County Librarian, which will be vacant next September. Salary scale proposed £300 by £20 to £400, less 5 per cent. deduction for superannuation.

Further particulars from the SECRETARY, Education Committee, County Hall, Beverley.

Y.W.C.A. TRAINING COLLEGE, Selly Oak, Birmingham. Principal wanted January, 1936. University graduate, teaching subjects. Bible Study and Psychology, experience in Clubs and Social work, age 35–45. Particulars and application forms from Y.W.C.A. PERSONNEL SECRETARY, Central Building, Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

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